HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. VII.—No. 328.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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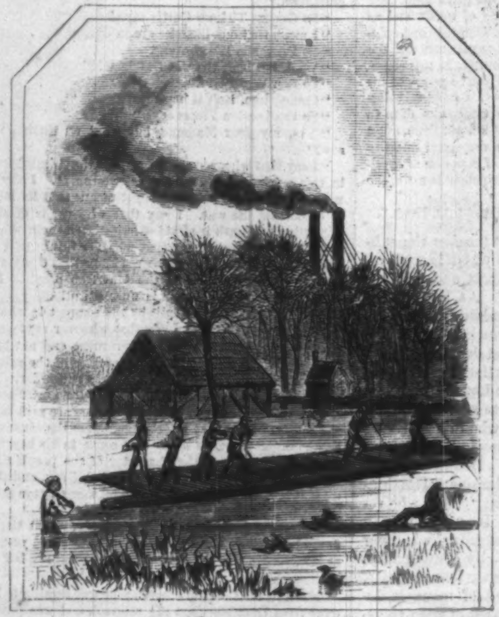
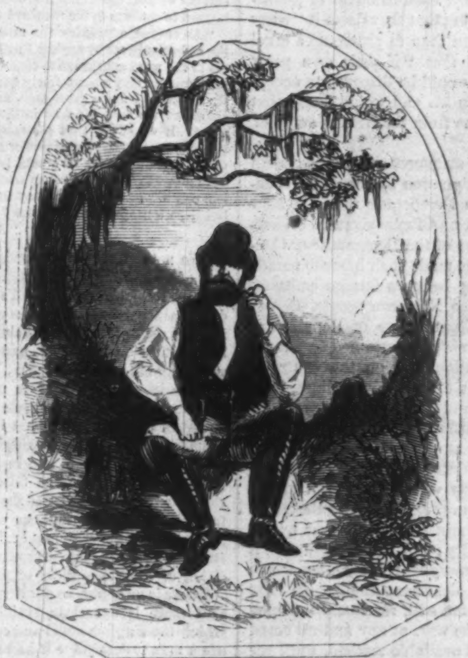
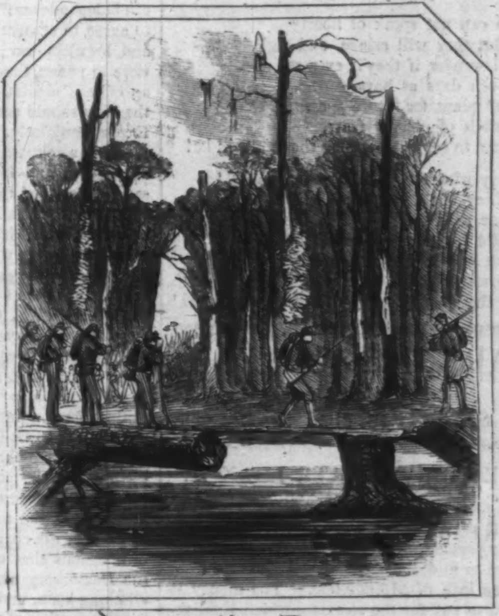
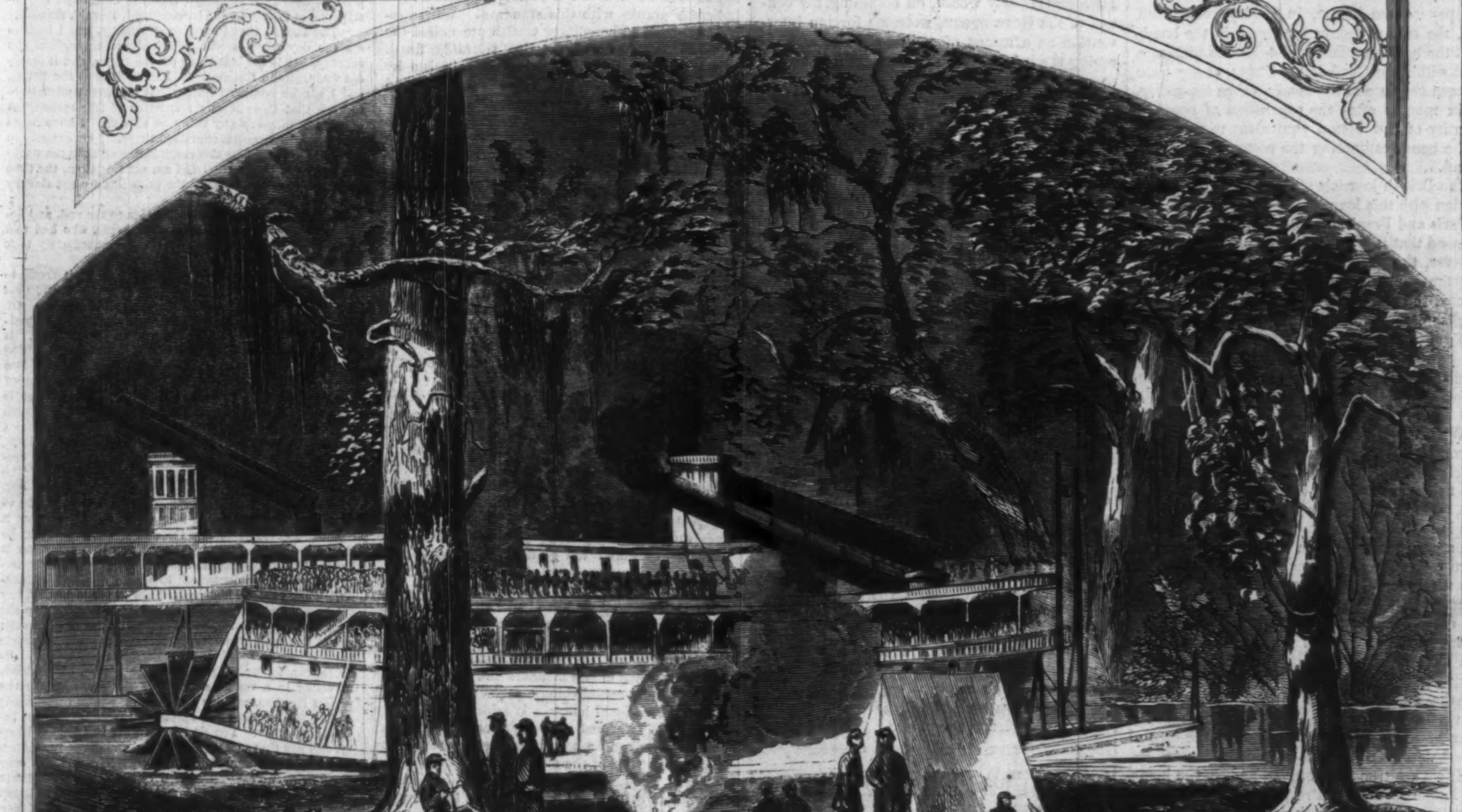






Difficulties of Among the Bayous.

A Working General



Bayou Navigation in Dixie.—From a Sketch by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 235.]

OUR COUNTRY'S DEAD.

Not those who sleep beneath the sod,
To meet us here no more;
We blessed the very path they trod
Unto a holier shore.
Still smiling, as we said,
"These dear ones are not dead,
Nor even lost, but only gone before."

Here, by our side, the dead we meet!
Our dead—their presence palls
Upon us, as their lagging feet
Tread where the sunlight falls.
Honor may call in vain,
They answer not again—
Death has closed up their ears to Freedom's calls.

When rings the clarion voice of War—
War against truth and right;
When Treason triumphs over law,
These dead rise in our sight,
And fix their ghastly eyes
Where Freedom's banner lies,
As if their very glance her stars should blight!

You can not speak of liberty
But they will cringe, and sigh,
And wonder if they'll ever see
Such days as have gone by.
They plant for future years
Myriads of gloomy fears,
And love to count how thick the crop will be!

Away with them! Bury these dead!
They but defile our land:
Away with them! and in their stead
Bid loyal freemen stand!
Look up—look up on high!
See victory draw nigh!
Know that your country's freedom is at hand!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1863.

THE CONFEDERATE LOAN IN EUROPE.

THE rebel agents, it seems, have succeeded in persuading some speculative bankers in Europe to undertake the negotiation of a Confederate loan of $15,000,000. The money is wanted to pay for the steamers which Englishmen are building "for the Emperor of China," and any sacrifice would be cheerfully undergone to procure it. It is called a "cotton loan." The bonds covenant that the Confederate States will pay to the holder, in twenty years from date, the sum of money expressed in the bond, or, if the holder prefers, will deliver to him, at a point within the Confederate States, at any time between the date of the bond and the expiration of six months after the conclusion of peace, a quantity of raw cotton equivalent to the value of the bond, estimating the cotton at 5½*d.* per pound.

The British journals give prominence, in connection with this loan, to the house of Erlanger, of Paris and Frankfort, and wish to have it understood that it is a continental enterprise. As, however, the cotton is to be valued in sterling, and the coupons are to be paid in the same money, the real operators in the affair must be Englishmen. The London *Times*, which has uniformly decried our securities, and called upon the crown lawyers to prosecute any one who tried to negotiate a loan for the United States, comes out warmly in favor of the rebel bonds, and has already puffed them to a premium.

Well, we don't know that we have any right to complain. If we can stand the fitting out of rebel privateers in England, we can also endure the negotiation of rebel loans in the same country. It is not precisely what we expected. But life is full of similar disappointments. There are a good many English capitalists who are investing money in our stocks; and we suppose the nicely moral publicists of Great Britain will contend that strict neutrality requires us to suffer other capitalists, with Southern proclivities, to invest their means in "cotton bonds." For the sake of the latter, it will be a pity if the Southern guerrillas burn up all the cotton at the South; and it will be a still greater pity if Jeff Davis should repeat for their benefit the repudiation he so successfully practiced in the case of Mississippi. But this is not our business.

If we are true to ourselves, and, in the homely language of the President, "keep steadily pegging on" at the work of suppressing the rebellion, the adventurous speculators who have taken these bonds will by-and-by find that their debtor has ceased to exist. The season for active operations has already commenced; and if our generals and admirals are as dashing and as lucky as they were at this time last year, the foreign loan of $15,000,000 to the rebels will prove of no more substantial use to them than the *Alabama* or the *Florida*.

LORD LYONS'S DISPATCH.

A MOST curious and important dispatch from Lord Lyons to Earl Russell, dated Washington, November 17, 1862, has been published in the British papers and is reproduced here. In this dispatch Lord Lyons states that on his arrival at New York from Europe, on 8th November ult., he was waited upon by "the Conservative leaders," who were exulting in the triumphs achieved by the Democratic party at the elections in Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and New York; that "foreign mediation" was the thought uppermost in their minds; that they dreaded its coming too soon, as "a premature proposal of foreign intervention would afford the radical party a means of reviving the violent war spirit, and of thus defeating the peaceful plans of the conservatives;" that the success of such a proposal required that "it should be deferred till the control of the Executive Government should be in the hands of the Conservative party;" that these leaders so talked as to lead Lord Lyons to perceive that they "desired to put an end to the war, even at the risk of losing the Southern States altogether;" that their aim was "an armistice to be followed by a convention;" that "the more sagacious members of the party are well aware that the probable consequence of an armistice would be the establishment of Southern independence;" but that they deem it "wiser to agree to separation than to prosecute a cruel and hopeless war;" that "if their own party were in power, they would be disposed to accept an offer of mediation......and would desire that the offer should come from the Great Powers of Europe conjointly."

These astounding statements will be read with amazement and indignation by the loyal thousands who voted the Democratic ticket in New York, Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. Whatever may be the views of the Democratic or Conservative leaders, who made such haste to parade their country's agony before a foreign embassador, the masses of the Northern people, Democratic or Radical, Conservative or Republican, most certainly have never entertained any desire for foreign intervention, but on the contrary, from first to last, at every and all times, have most strenuously and emphatically protested against foreign interference, and averred their intention to resist it at all hazards.

Nor is there the least shadow of ground for stating that the party which triumphed at the recent elections has ever expressed or entertained a desire for the termination of the war by the division of the country; but, on the contrary, it is notorious that throughout the States where the Democracy are dominant the people have all along been, and are still, resolutely set upon the prosecution of the war, at any and all costs, by every lawful and available method, until the rebellion is finally crushed.

To state, as Lord Lyons has done, that the Democratic party would, on obtaining the control of the Government, welcome foreign intervention as a means of ending the war and securing the independence of the South, is a libel so gross that his lordship owes it to himself to let the public know the names of the "Conservative leaders" who so basely traduced their fellow-countrymen.

That there is, in this city, a nest of malignant Copperheads, who have no more notion of patriotism than the reptile to which they owe the *sobriquet* they bear; men who would sell out American independence for a rise of a penny a pound in cotton, or the profit on a shipment of wooden buttons and bowie-knives to South Carolina—whose principles are sordid as their views are narrow and contracted—"Russell's Diary" long since informed us. He, too, was taken in and crammed by these pretended Democratic leaders: deceived by their glib talk, and fascinated by their Champagne and turtle, he allowed himself to be so thoroughly humbugged by them that his letters informing the *Times* there would be no war were published simultaneously with the accounts of the bombardment of Sumter. That the same clique should have been equally successful with the poor driveling creature who succeeded Russell is no wonder; but is it possible that so astute a diplomatist as Lord Lyons was similarly humbugged? Or are we to suppose that the real leaders of the Democracy, the men who will control the country if the Democrats carry the election in 1864, did actually tell these Englishmen that they were for the ruin of the United States, and in favor of a foreign commission to divide our estate?

This dispatch requires explanations, or the "Conservative leaders" will have a difficult account to render to the public.

THE LOUNGER.

ABOUT GENTLEMEN.

"WILL the Lounger oblige a friend, whenever it will come in conveniently, by saying what it is that the modern English novels, magazines, and better sort of newspapers mean when they use the word *gentleman*? There are obviously several grades in their estimation. What is the highest, according to any received understanding in soundly 'good society' in England?

"May we not, without the least loss of self-respect, allow that there is an ideal of the gentleman in England that we do not see in America? Are there not in Europe artists, so to speak, accomplished in the minor social benevolences and graces, whom we, with the best opportunity that the country affords in such accomplishment, can not rival? And do not such social artists establish a standard style, a school of mere manners, of which there are innumerable imitators? And is not an evident attempt to succeed in this style required of those who would meet the modern English ideal of gentleman in this grade?

"'Gentleman,' as a mere statement of family descent, etc., is not intended in these inquiries. Yet the question arises, would any man with a very strong and uncontrollable individuality of character pass muster as a gentleman of the finest type in English society—as, for instance, an irrepressibly humorous man, an exceedingly apathetic, or an extremely vehement man, allowing that every where there are unquestionable exaggerations of all these types? Does a good, simple-hearted, well-bred, and carefully-nurtured English girl of the better sort of the quiet middle-class ever feel quite satisfied that a Frenchman or other foreigner is a perfect gentleman? And is there not an incurable confusion of ideas which leads an Englishman to suppose that one who has not the technical style can not have the essential qualities of a gentleman? He takes it for granted that every honest man wishes to be a gentleman, and that, if he does not conform to the external fashion, which is the easiest part of it, he is not and does not care to be one. Hence, when in traveling he meets men who disregard this external standard, he sets them down for rogues if not ruffians, and acts accordingly.

"This accounts to the writer, at least, for certain experiences of Englishmen traveling in this country, which he is confident no sober American could have encountered. Does the Lounger's experience confirm this? Has the Lounger seen any Englishman who has been in Washington since the war commenced who did not evidently want to say, 'Mr. Lincoln is not even a gentleman?' meaning simply, 'Mr. Lincoln may be an honest sort of man in a crude way, and perhaps even with some eccentric talent, but without common sense, or he would certainly have learned to conform to the standard of the gentleman.'

"As custom establishes the meaning of words, and as the definition given by modern English literature and opinion to the word gentleman is confined to manners and not to character, may we not freely admit that, in this sense, the President is not a gentleman, and yet be proud of his character, his tact, his nice instincts, his prophetic dignity? If we admit that his stories sometimes drop in where the technical 'gentleman' would not put them, must we be ashamed of it? It would be a very good thing to have a gentleman, even in the sense of a person of excellent polish. But may we not say that 'polish' is not of the last importance just here and now?

"A CORN-HILL HOER."

The note of our correspondent touches the subject of a very profitless discussion which is suggested by Trollope's and Russell's book, and the talk of certain persons in "society." As Mr. Russell informs us, he fell, upon his arrival in this country, into certain circles which had much to say of the vulgarity of the rail-splitter. Yet doubtless all the persons in such circles were partisans of Mr. Buchanan, who spat upon carpets in London, and who betrayed his country. That is to say, they could consider a man "gentlemanly" who in his private manners was unclean, and in his discharge of supreme public trusts was false. Doubtless, also, the same persons considered the Marquis of Hartington "a gentleman," and the young officer who reproved him "ungentlemanly." It is clear that in such minds there is no accurate standard whatever either of what is morally or socially gentlemanly.

There is no doubt, as our correspondent suggests, that there is a certain standard of manners by which the English novel and current opinion measure a man to determine if he be a gentleman; and, with our social subservience to English precedents, it has been somewhat adopted here. But the different organization of our society plays the most ludicrous pranks with this standard. Where social position and hereditary wealth are united the standard becomes and remains tolerably fixed. Where they are both fluctuating the criticism by such a standard is futile. There is a polish and ease of manner known as gentlemanly because persons of confirmed social position and fortune often have it. But it is precisely the quality which sharpers most easily imitate. The criticism of this kind directed against the President, of which Russell and Trollope speak, was itself a proof of the want of what is truly gentlemanly upon the part of those who expressed it. For the very essence of a gentleman, in any large and noble sense, is that he instinctively distinguishes between character, which is the eternal fact, and manner, which is the most transitory of appearances. Gentlemanliness, like every human quality, has a kernel and a shell. The nut may be sound and sweet in every particle, however rough the envelope, as it may be utterly foul and rotten, however smooth and pretty the skin.

The sting of social satire is its exposure of this discrepancy. The satirist strips off the mask, and wipes away the paint, and reveals the haggard, horrid features. He pulls out the false teeth; he wrenches off the false calves; he tears out the padding, and shows the decrepit, lame, shivering reality. He sits at the feast as Socrates sat at the banquet of Alcibiades. The philosopher fixed his eyes upon a lovely guest. Fairest of women she seemed, but under his glance she wavered and shrank; she shuddered and changed; and, slipping to the floor, glided away, a loathsome serpent.

In this country we have had Lamias enough in high places. Since "gentlemen" of fine manners have plunged us into this fearful war by the most unscrupulous and incredible dishonor, let us see what gentlemen of less manners and loftier honesty can achieve in establishing a permanent peace and saving the national honor. Washington for many a year has swarmed with technical "gentlemen" and "ladies," and a society composed of such was the very hot-bed of the most infamous treason and falsity. The historian of the war will do his work very imperfectly if he does not reveal the influence of that kind of social blandishment upon our troubles. For the power of manners, however subordinate, is not to be denied. And the historian of the war will equally fail if he does not count it among our signal good fortunes that when the very nationality of America was to be tried by fire, the chief magistrate and representative man of the people was truly a representative, even to exaggeration, of those qualities which are American as distinguished from European.

FROM A DIARY.

THIS morning Dash met Blank at Maillard's, where he was taking a cup of chocolate. Blank asked him if he had joined the Union Club.

"Why do you insult me by such a question?" rejoined Dash.

"Insult?"

"Why, yes. Do you think a gentleman wishes to belong to a club which refuses to expel a traitor, even if it does not actually receive his money in dues? Is there no self-respect left?"

"Oh," said Blank, quietly, "you are speaking of the affair at the corner of Twenty-first Street and the Avenue?"

"Of course," replied Dash.

"Well, my dear boy, you are behind the age. That is the Disunion Club."

I lately dined in company with one of those inane young gentlemen who, as Theodore Winthrop says in "Cecil Dreeme," praise slavery and think they are aristocratic. The young gentleman went on for some time, when Mrs. —— said to him, politely,

"If you sympathize with the rebels, why don't you go and join them?"

"I, Madame? I assure you I am perfectly loyal."

"Indeed?"

"Why, certainly, only I stand by the Government, not by the Administration."

"So Vallandigham says."

"I mean I am no Abolitionist."

"So Brooks says."

"That is, I am afraid we are alienating the South."

"So Tom Seymour says."

"In other words, I am a Union man, but I don't think war can restore it."

"So Toucey says."

"But, my dear Madame, the war is unconstitutionally carried on."

"So George Ticknor Curtis says."

"I mean that our liberties are in danger."

"So Fernando Wood says."

"Well, but isn't the war fratricidal?"

"So Ben Wood says."

"Come, then, isn't it hopeless?"

"So the London *Times* says."

"Yes, my dear Madame, but what on earth do *you* say?"

"I say that whoever stands against the Administration in this war stands against the Government. I say that whoever says he is no Abolitionist means that he intends to embarrass the war. I say that whoever is afraid of alienating the South is afraid of irritating a snake that has already stung him. I say that whoever thinks that force can not restore the Union does not know that Union is the most irresistible instinct of the American people. I say that whoever says the war is unconstitutionally carried on is in danger of being split by the tempest in which he is trying to split hairs. I say that whoever says our liberties are imperiled by the Government and not by the rebellion, works and prays for the success of the rebellion and the annihilation of all civil liberty and order. I say that whoever calls the war fratricidal has no more conception of national honor than lottery-dealers are said to have of honesty. I say that whoever considers the cause of the United States hopeless hates that cause in his heart, and is utterly ignorant of the character of the people and of the facts of the situation. That is what *I* say, and that is what every truly American man and woman says and believes."

The young gentleman made no reply. But the next day, at the Club, he said to a friend, "I dined yesterday at Mrs. ——'s. What an awful Abolitionist she is!"

—— tells me that the other day he was coming to Rochester from Lockport upon the railroad, and was presently attracted by the sound of a warm debate between two persons near him. The whole car became gradually interested and attentive. The debate was upon the necessary topic; and after a great deal of talk upon the part of Copperhead about the sovereign rights of States and the destruction of liberty by the Government, he said, frankly,

"The fact is, that I approve of slavery, and I hope to see the day when it will be introduced throughout the country. It is the best thing for the negro, and it develops fine traits in the master. I have lived at the South, and I admire Southern society. It is a great mistake to suppose that there is any restriction of free speech. A gentleman may say any thing he chooses. I have heard all kinds of sentiments expressed there. I am entirely in favor of slavery. The slaves are better off than the working classes at the North. If I am not mistaken, the time is not very far distant when the prejudice against slavery will disappear."

—— says that he heard this oration to the end, and being fresh from a conversation with Eagle, who had told him a tale of his Southern travel, he immediately took part in the conversation.

"You say, Sir, that you like slavery; that it seems to you a proper and desirable system of society; and that you believe the prejudice against it will disappear. Of course no man of sense would stop to argue such propositions with you. Slavery is done for in this country. It has plunged into a civil war, and it is already drowning in the blood it has shed. But you said also that it is a great mistake to suppose that there is any restriction of free speech in the slave region. Now, Sir, my name is ——, my address is ——. Last week I was talking with a friend of mine, Mr. Eagle, for whose perfect veracity I vouch. He was traveling on business in Georgia in 1858. He was sitting in a car, as you are now. He was surrounded by Southerners, as you are by Northerners. The conversation fell upon politics, and he naturally and quietly expressed his views. He said that slavery ought to be restricted to the Slave States, just as you say that it ought to go every where in the country. He said that he thought slavery wrong, just as you say that you think it right. The whole carful of passengers became immensely excited. They denounced him as a d——d Abolitionist. They said he had no business in the South. They got hotter and hotter, and at length resolved to stop the train and hang him up to a tree by the side of the track; and it was with great difficulty that a few more sensible passengers succeeded in saving my friend's life. So much, Sir, for no restriction of free speech. My friend, traveling in a car in a region of slavery, says that he prefers freedom, and his life is immediately threatened; and he is a watched and suspected man until he gets beyond the border. You sit here in a car in a land of liberty, and say that you prefer slavery, and our only emotion is mingled amusement and disgust. The different emotion of the two cars shows exactly the difference between the civilization of Free and of Slave States. In the latter, when a man says, 'I love liberty,' there is a thrill of fear. In the former, when a man says, 'I love slavery,' there is a smile of contempt."

—— says that the face of Copperhead turned blue, but he made no reply.

A POOR "ARTICLE" OF REBEL.

THE most pitiful and mean of all rebels are those who have escaped from the rebel section to the North, and devote their time and tongues to the abuse of the Government whose protection they have sought. The inexorable despotism of the rebel sway, the enormous prices of living, the certainty of rebel conscription have driven them away. They reach a city where they can say just what they please, where the aspect of life and the means of living are as little affected as possible by this bloody attempt of a faction to overthrow the Government, and they openly express their delight in every disaster that befalls that Government, and at every success of the rebellion from whose dominion they have run away.

They denounce the unconstitutional acts of the Government, while the rebellion in which they delight is a stupendous act of destruction of the whole Constitution.

They declaim against the restriction of liberty of speech while their tongues are entirely unbridled: and under the dominion of their beloved rebellion, if they dared to indulge a corresponding freedom of talk, they would be incontinently silenced.

They scold at the danger to the liberties of the citizen from the Government; but when they are reminded of the reign of terror in Texas, of the inconceivable horrors which have pursued the Union men at the South, they declare that it is not the act of the rebel authorities. When, then, they are asked what kind of government it is which does not repress such atrocities at any cost, they shift the question, and reply that where there are slaves it is not safe to let people say what they will, which gives a charming foretaste of the delights of a government based upon "the system of involuntary servitude" as its chief corner-stone.

They declare that if the Government had let them alone there would have been no trouble, which is equally true of all other public offenders who resist the laws. They seem to think that they should have been allowed to steal forts, territory, and public improvements without the least notice upon the part of the Government which owned them, while no man in the country is suffered to steal so much as a watch with impunity. And with incredible and amusing stupidity some of them seem honestly to think it strange that a great, sovereign, imperial Government would not suffer itself to be snuffed out like a tallow dip.

These gentry who have not had the courage to stay at home and maintain with arms the cause which they affect to consider so just and holy, are the most contemptible phenomena of the rebellion. They congregate with our own indigenous Copperheads, and hiss at the Government to which they owe the security of their lives and rights, and the protection of all the property which has not been consumed by the relentless despotism for the success of which they so ardently pray.

A WORD ABOUT CONNECTICUT.

THE interest in the Connecticut election is not merely a State and local interest; it is national, because at this time any election which proceeds upon the ground of supporting or opposing the war is an expression of opinion upon a national question. Yet it is to be borne in mind that no orator in Connecticut, not even Mr. Thomas H. Seymour himself, nor Toucey, nor Fernando Wood, has dared to pronounce for disunion. That is a policy which Vallandigham, the chief of Copperheads, eschews now, although three years ago he openly favored a dissolution of the Union into four or more parts. And no observer should forget that the majority in Connecticut has always been very small either way. Therefore, while the result of the election is interesting, it is not of that supreme importance which has been attached to it. For it is not the State of Connecticut declaring for war or peace. It is only the decision of the voters who are left in the State whether they wish to try to embarrass and paralyze the national Government in its endeavor to maintain the national existence. The great mass of the voters of that State who are in the field are unreservedly national Unionists. Let every man remember, then, that if the sense of all the legal voters was to be expressed at this election Connecticut would show herself exactly as loyal as every other loyal State. If by the result of the election she shall seem to waver, nobody will know more certainly than the seeming victors that they win because thousands and thousands of faithful citizen soldiers are away. "I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober," said the old philosopher to the king. And the heart of every true American Unionist, in case of Mr. Seymour's election, will at once appeal from Connecticut deprived of the votes of her patriot sons in arms to Connecticut with all her citizens at home and voting.

THE OPERA.

MEDORI'S Norma is the finest rendering of that character we have ever had in this country, except that of Grisi, who created the part. And it is the more pleasant because it is entirely unheralded. M. Maretzek arrived with his company, and with much less than the usual preliminary trumpeting they appeared—and they conquered. The spirit, the unanimity, the dramatic power and co-operation, are such as we have never seen at the Academy. The opera of "Norma" is often languid and ineffective in the representation, for the tenor usually slurs Pollio, and the basso's Oroveso is unimportant, and Adelgisa is subordinate. But, with true artistic instinct, Mazzoleni made Pollio, and Biachi Oroveso, and Madame Sulzer Adelgisa, what they ought to be; and the representation was a great and deserved success.

This is the more interesting because neither the voices nor the singers are especially magnetic. Medori's voice is full, but it has a marked *tremolo*, and its tone is more clear than sweet. But she is a truly noble lyrical artist, and her mien and action are of the largest and finest school. There was not a look or a posture or a movement that was not queenly. She looks all the Druidess, and her bursts of passionate emotion were of that intensity and fury which belong to the conception of the wild British forest. It was Boadicea that we saw; and the amplitude of the singer's person merely deepens the impression. There have been finer voices, in certain qualities, and more elaborate vocalization than Medori's upon the same stage, but no Prima Donna whatever—not even Grisi, for the most part, when she was here—has so prevailed by pure dramatic power.

Mazzoleni is worthy to sing with her. His organ is not of the elegiac sweetness of Brignoli's, but it is fervent and powerful; and he throws himself so fully into his part, and acts and moves with such spirit and grace, that he compels admiration and applause. Madame Sulzer sings with the same spirit; her voice is excellent, with some fine contralto notes, and her vocalization finished and true. She often divided the honors of her scenes with Medori. And Biachi completes the quartette with a most effective bass, a striking presence, and dramatic talent.

Medori is undertaking other of the grand lyrical parts. Norma was to be followed by Semiramide. Let us hope that M. Maretzek will not forget how long it is since we have had a really satisfactory presentation of "Lucrezia."

CONNECTICUT IN LOUISIANA.

SEVERAL of the Connecticut regiments in the field have already spoken to their fellow-citizens at home. The Twelfth Regiment, now in Louisiana, has added its voice, and one of its bravest officers, speaking by the consent and with the enthusiastic approval of his fellow-officers, including the old line Democrats, writes as follows:

> "If the rest of the army is like the Twelfth Connecticut—and I believe it is not far different—the President need not make a disgraceful peace."

This is the universal sentiment of all the Connecticut voters who will not vote at this election; and their number will vastly surpass any majority which may be cast against the Government of the country.

THE TIME OF DAY.

SOME two years ago the Lounger described a most interesting visit he had made to the factory of the American Watch Company at Waltham. He has lately been there again with increased wonder and delight. The works have been enlarged and the machinery carried to a yet finer perfection; while his own private experience of the quality of the American watch has confirmed all that he then said. And at a time when the war for American nationality engages and engrosses the profoundest interest of all loyal citizens, there is the greatest satisfaction in knowing that the minutes and days and weeks and years of that war are told by an American watch in your pocket. The beauty, the precision, the greater cheapness, the uniform excellence of a watch constructed by machinery so exquisite that the mere spectacle of its operation is poetic, gradually give the American watches a public preference which will not be deceived. The Lounger again, and with the emphasis of practical experience, commends this masterly manufacture to the attention of all his friends who wish to keep time with the onward march of American skill, and enterprise, and success. And if they are not willing to take his word for it, let them step into the pleasant office at No. 182 Broadway, and ask Messrs. Robbins and Appleton what they think upon the subject.

"SYLVIA'S LOVERS."

THE dedication of Mrs. Gaskell's last novel, "Sylvia's Lovers," just issued by the Harpers, is an illustration of the earnest sympathy with which so many of the most intelligent and influential persons in England regard our war. Mr. Norton, known in our literature by his little book of the ripest scholarship, "Travel and Study in Italy," is also known less publicly as one of the most faithful and devoted leaders and workers in every form of patriotic and national effort in Massachusetts. Mrs. Gaskell properly names him among her many American friends in her dedication, which is as follows:

> "This book is dedicated to all my Northern friends with the truest sympathy of an English woman, and in an especial manner to my dear friend, Charles Eliot Norton, and to his wife, who, although personally unknown to me, is yet dear to me for his sake."

LOYALTY.

WHEN Mr. Fernando Wood tells us that he is not a loyal man, he might have spared his breath, for no one ever supposed he was. But when he says that there is no such thing as loyalty in a republic, he is sufficiently answered by the hundreds of thousands of American citizens who stand in arms from the Chesapeake to the Mississippi, and who are inspired and united by one sentiment only, and that is unswerving LOYALTY to the Government which their fathers made, which they have inherited, and which, by the grace of God and their good right arms, they mean to maintain.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ECONOMY.—How to make pantaloons last: make the coat and vest first.

What kind of men are most above-board?—Why, chessmen, of course.

While Rabelais lay on his death-bed he could not help jesting at his very last moment; for having received the extreme unction, a friend, coming in to see him, said he hoped he was prepared for the next world. "Yes, yes," answered Rabelais, "I am ready for my journey now; they have just greased my boots."

A French gentleman, who had heard rum called *spirits*, went into one of our hotels a few evenings since, and called for a glass of punch, requesting at the same time that it should be made with "*ghosts* from the Vest Indies."

THE FOUR SEASONS.—*Schoolmaster:* "Come here, boy, and tell me the names of the four seasons." *Young Prodigy:* "Pepper, mus'ard, salt, and vinegar; them's what mother seasons with."

A man who squinted, but was unaware of his infirmity, had his portrait taken by Nicholson, and, on being invited to inspect the performance, said, with rather a disappointed air, "I don't know—it seems to me—does it squint?" "Squint!" replied Nicholson, "no more than you do." "Really, well, you know best, of course; but I declare I fancied there was a queer look about it!"

"Bill, you young scamp, if you had your due, you'd get a good whipping." "I know it, daddy, but *bills* are not always paid when *due*." The agonized father trembled lest his hopeful son should be suddenly snatched from him.

A poor widow's little boy wanted a slate at school, but she couldn't afford to buy him one. The next day, seeing one in his hands, she inquired, in some surprise, "Why, Tommy, dear, where did you get that slate?" "I heard you say, when papa died," he replied, "that now he has gone we must look above when we wanted any thing, so I went up and got this slate off the roof. I wish I had a frame for it."

The individual who attempted to raise colts from horse-chestnuts went into the market the other day, and inquired for a mock-turtle to make "mock-turtle soup" of.

A NEW DANCE.—"Shall I have the pleasure of your company for the next set?" asked a not very well educated young gentleman of a pretty young lady at a ball. "What is to be the dance, Sir?" "Ditto," said the young man, referring to his programme. "Oh, you must excuse me, then," said the young lady; "I can't dance that."

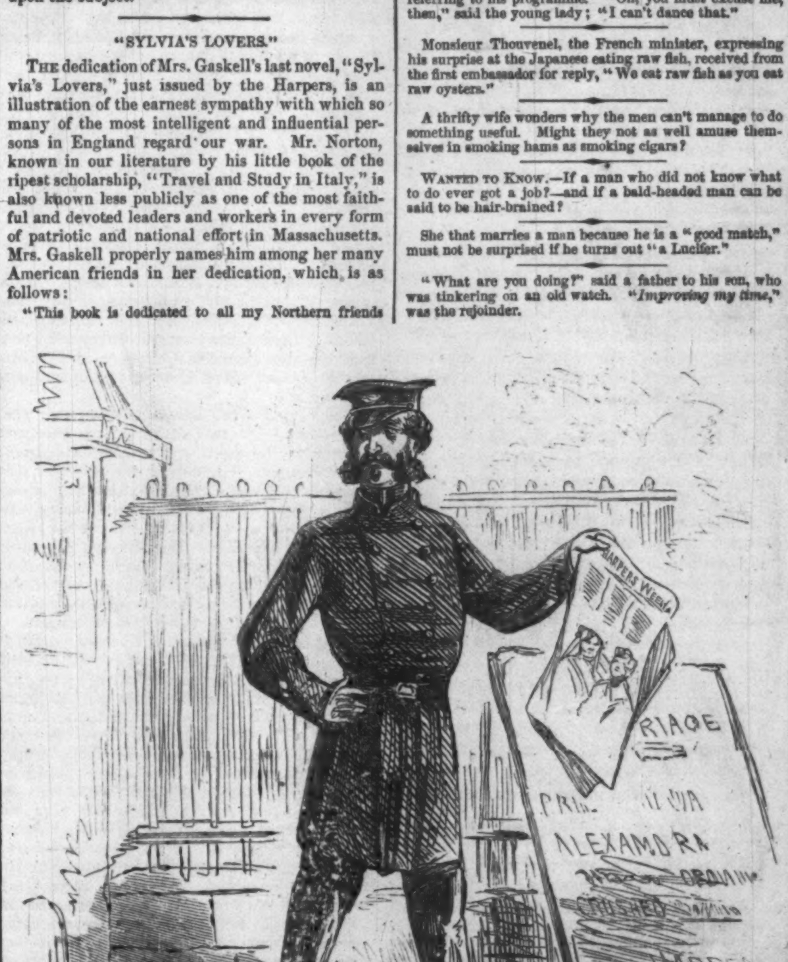
Monsieur Thouvenel, the French minister, expressing his surprise at the Japanese eating raw fish, received from the first embassador for reply, "We eat raw fish as you eat raw oysters."

A thrifty wife wonders why the men can't manage to do something useful. Might they not as well amuse themselves in smoking hams as smoking cigars?

WANTED TO KNOW.—If a man who did not know what to do ever got a job?—and if a bald-headed man can be said to be hair-brained?

She that marries a man because he is a "good match," must not be surprised if he turns out "a Lucifer."

"What are you doing?" said a father to his son, who was tinkering on an old watch. "*Improving my time,*" was the rejoinder.



A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF IT.

NEW YORK POLICEMAN (*off duty*).—"Just to think of it! Seven lives lost at the Prince of Wales's wedding! That comes of living in a place *where there ain't no Broadway Squad!*"

Many schoolmasters entertain no doubt that the tree of knowledge is the birch.

Advice is like snow—the softer it falls the longer it remains and the deeper it sinks.

Some men are like musical glasses; to produce their finest tones you must keep them wet.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why are there no horses in the Isle of Wight?
Because the inhabitants prefer cows (Cowes) to ride (Ryde).

Why is a blush like a little girl?
Because it becomes a woman.

A man bought two fishes, but on taking them home found he had got three. How was this?
He had two, and one smelt.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT PASSES PORT HUDSON.

THE daring attempt of Admiral Farragut to pass the rebel batteries at Port Hudson, on the Mississippi, was completely successful. The *Hartford* (flag-ship) and the *Albatross* were the only two vessels that succeeded in running the gauntlet. The firing is described as having been most terrific and continuous. The *Richmond* made vigorous efforts to go by the batteries; but after firing for over an hour was disabled, and had to withdraw. The loss of the *Mississippi* by fire is fully confirmed.

General Banks is said to have co-operated with a land force, but doesn't seem to have achieved any thing. At last accounts he was at Baton Rouge again.

THE LAST OF THE "INDIANOLA."

A dispatch has been received by Secretary Welles from Admiral Farragut dated below Warrenton, Mississippi, March 19, in which he says that about ten miles above Grand Gulf he saw the wreck of the *Indianola* on the right bank of the river. She was partially submerged and her upper works were very much shattered by the explosion.

THE VICKSBURG BLOCKADE.

An attempt to run by the rebel batteries at Vicksburg was made by the Union rams *Lancaster* and *Switzerland* on 25th ult. without success. According to a dispatch, dated at Cairo 31st, as soon as they came within range the rebels opened a tremendous fire. The *Lancaster* was struck thirty times. Her entire bow was shot away, causing her to sink immediately. All the crew except two escaped. The *Switzerland* was disabled by a 64-pound ball penetrating the steam drum. She floated down, the batteries still firing and striking her repeatedly, until finally the *Albatross* ran alongside and towed her to the lower mouth of the canal. While coming up the river the *Hartford* and *Albatross* encountered a battery at Grand Gulf more formidable than those at Port Hudson. The *Hartford* was struck fourteen times, and had three men killed. Both vessels returned the fire vigorously, and both were more or less injured.

GENERAL SHERMAN RETURNS.

The expedition under General Sherman, to the rear of Haines's Bluff, by way of Steele's Bayou and the Sunflower, has returned to Young's Point. There is nothing definite from the Yazoo Pass expedition under General Ross and General Quimby.

THE REBEL INVASION OF KENTUCKY.

A dispatch from Cincinnati says that the rebel raid in Kentucky has proved a failure.

SKIRMISH AT WILLIAMSBURG.

A dispatch from Fortress Monroe states that the rebels, with a force of infantry and cavalry, on 28th ult., attacked Williamsburg and were repulsed by the Fifth Pennsylvania cavalry under Colonel Lewis. The loss is not reported.

THE MONITORS AT CHARLESTON.

On the morning of the 25th ult. all the Monitors (six in number) left Hilton Head for Charleston, together with several wooden gun-boats and half a dozen schooners. The *Ericsson* had just arrived there with a floating nondescript in tow, called "The Devil." Its purpose is understood to be to clear channels of torpedoes and other obstructions.

GENERAL BURNSIDE IN OHIO.

General Burnside has assumed command of the Department of Ohio, and has issued his order announcing the fact, which is declared most satisfactory. Indiana is made a separate military district, under General Carrington, who reports to General Burnside.

REBEL PRIVATEERS.

The rebel privateers continue their depredations. The *Alabama* burned on February 21 the splendid ship *Golden Eagle*, of New York, bound for Queenstown, Ireland, with guano, and destroyed on the same day the bark *Olive Jane*, of Boston, bound from Bordeaux to New York with a rich cargo of wines and fruits. The captain of the British bark *Crusoe*, from St. Thomas March 17, reports that the English screw steamers *Pet*, from England, and *Aritus*, which had previously landed a cargo of cotton in Porto Rico from Mobile, both sailed on the 16th for a port in the South. The British frigate *Phaeton* sailed in company with them as a convoy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

EARL RUSSELL SNEERS AT THE PROCLAMATION.

EARL RUSSELL, speaking of the Emancipation Proclamation, says: "There seems to be no declaration of a principle adverse to slavery in this Proclamation. It is a measure of war, and a measure of war of a very questionable kind. As President Lincoln has twice appealed to the judgment of mankind in his Proclamation, I venture to say I do not think it can or ought to satisfy the friends of abolition, who look for total and impartial freedom for the slave, and not for vengeance on the slave-owner."

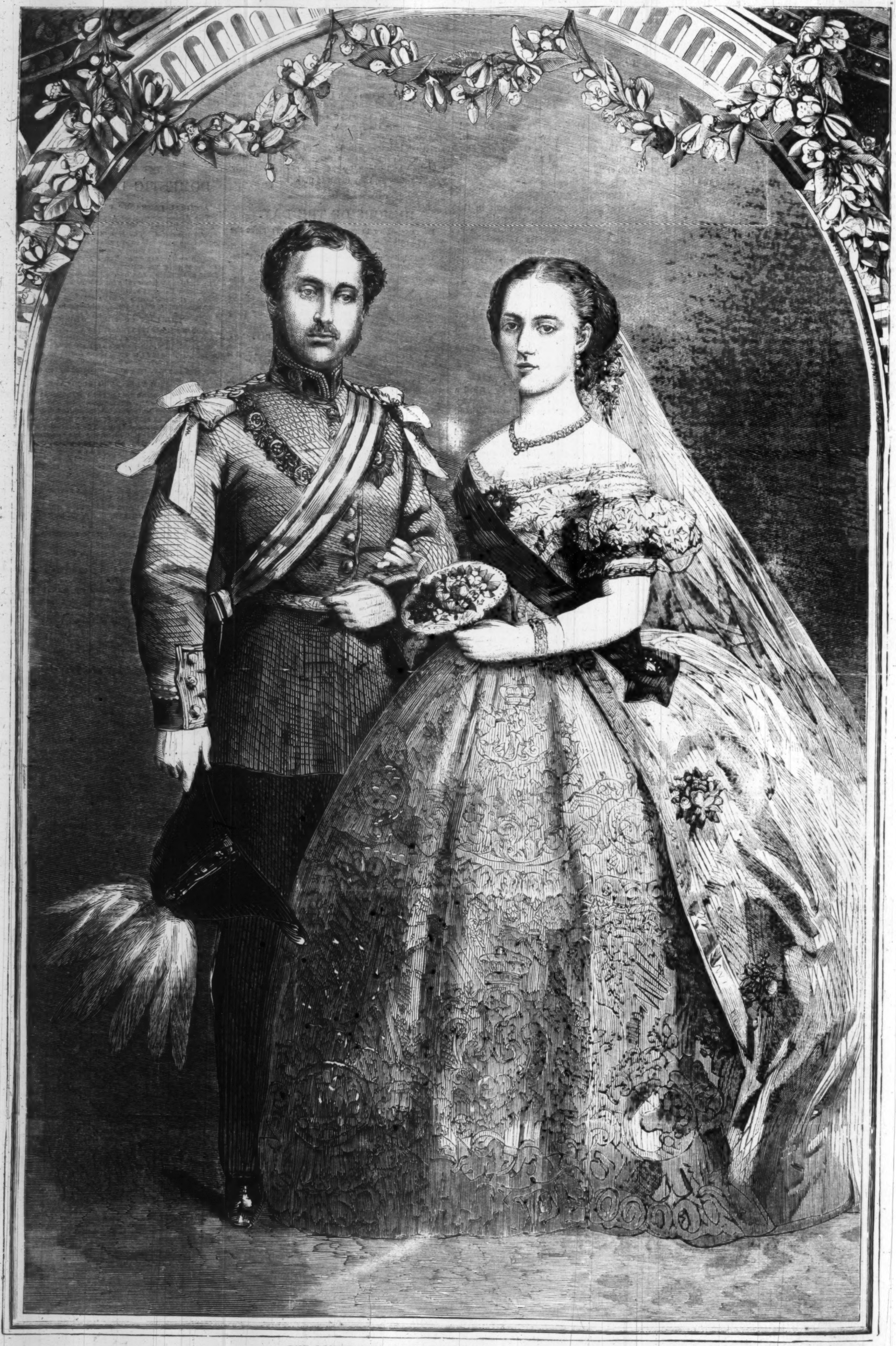
SLAUGHTER AT THE PRINCE'S WEDDING.

The Prince of Wales and his wife remain at Osborne, on the Isle of Wight. During the illuminations in London some seven persons lost their lives, and over one hundred others had limbs broken. The crowd was unruly, and the confusion very great.

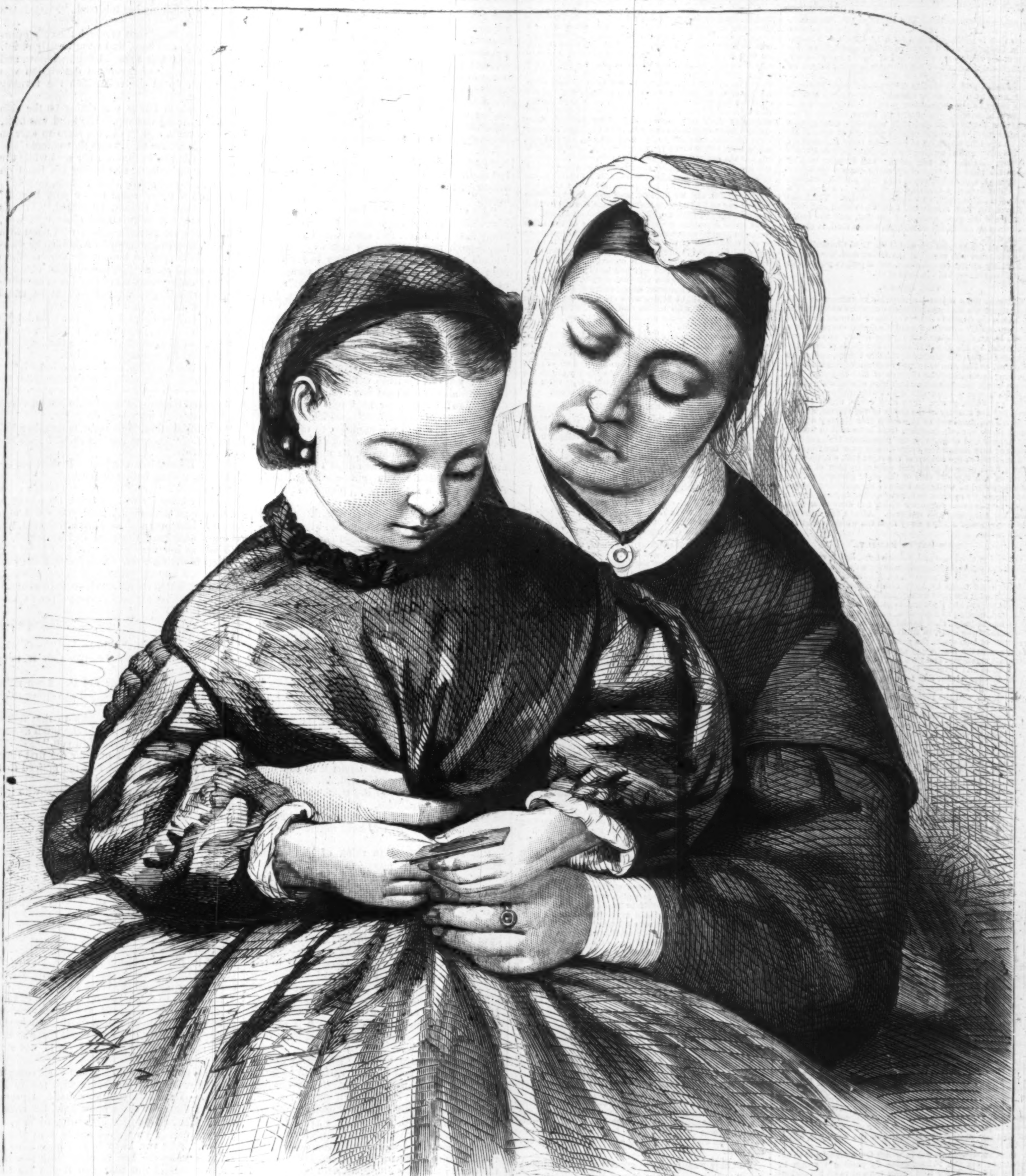
POLAND.

THE REVOLUTION.

We have copious details of the progress of the Polish insurrection, and its gradual assumption of the character of a great European question. A portion of the revolutionary troops encountered the Russians at Sosnowitz, but were routed after a sanguinary engagement. Some of the retreating soldiers of Langiewitz were driven on to Prussian territory. On the other hand, the Poles had defeated a body of Russians near Mysozowa, killing over one hundred of them. Langiewitz held a good position and was prepared for a great engagement at the latest dates. Garibaldi had written him a letter of sympathy, in which he held out a promise of active personal assistance. This the Dictator of Poland declined. General Dembinski had published a letter in Paris, in which he classes every man—Kossuth, Ladislas, or else—who seeks to stir up the Hungarians against Austria at the present moment as an enemy of Poland. Meanwhile the Cabinets and people of England, France, Austria, and Prussia were very much agitated and alarmed by the situation of affairs in Poland. Lord Palmerston declined to state his opinion to a deputation in favor of the Poles; but the London journals seem to indicate a non-intervention policy for England. Paris was full of rumors, and it was even said that Napoleon and Austria had determined to restore the nationality of Poland, even at the cost of a war with Russia and Prussia.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.—[See next Page.]



QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCESS BEATRICE.

THE WEDDING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

WE devote a very large proportion of our space this week to illustrations of the Marriage of the Prince of Wales, which took place on 10th ult., and was the great event of the day in Europe. It is so short a time since the Prince was among us here that we are sure our fair readers will be glad to see him again—in "counterfeit presentment"—with his fair young bride. On page 236 we illustrate the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA ALIGHTING FROM THE RAILWAY CAR, looking very pretty and girlish; on page 228 we give fine portraits of THE HAPPY COUPLE; on this page a portrait of QUEEN VICTORIA, with the PRINCESS BEATRICE in her arms; and on pages 232 and 233 a fine illustration of THE MARRIAGE in St. George's Chapel at Windsor. The following narrative we condense from the graphic account of the London *Times:*

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

Simple, lofty, and cold, it is difficult to light up the nave of St. George's. But the difficulty was overcome yesterday by hues and colors so rich and bright that from the floor half-way up the fluted pillars the effect was like that produced by a piece of gorgeous tapestry, or by a grand Oriental carpeting hung on the walls. The nave served as the channel and embankment of the stream which swept from the outer hall to the Chapel laden with all the pageantry of the great spectacle, and, returning thence, rolled back its tide once more, bearing the Prince and his bride on the swelling crest of all its pomp.

In the archway leading into the nave a heavy drapery of purple silk, patterned with gold, screened the interior of the temporary hall where the guests of the Queen were received, and Her Majesty's great officers and royal household assembled to form in order of procession. Through rifts and openings now and then in the veil could be seen clouds of drapery and waving plumes, and glimpses could be caught of the apartments where the wedding party rested for a while before the principal procession was formed. On the pavement a red and black carpet, with a broad cream-colored border, embroidered with the Prince's cipher and crest in alternate compartments on one side, and with the Princess's on the other, was laid from the entrance to the steps leading into the Chapel. The seven lofty columns which divide the aisles from the body broke the monotonous lines of seats covered with scarlet and yellow-fringed cloth, which rose tier above tier from the narrowed fronts between the columns high up the walls beyond.

HERALDS, USHERS, AND CHORISTERS.

At 10¼ o'clock the Dean of Christ Church is the first to enter the choir, but apparently only to look about him, for he does not then venture on a seat, all of which still remain only occupied by their glistening copies of the programme, bound in white silk and stamped with gold. A gorgeous group of heralds are the next comers, Lancaster and Windsor, Norroy and Glarencieux, walking stiffly in their magnificent but most uncomfortable tabards, which, as they can only be worn when the Sovereign is present at State ceremonies, must have been laid by till now for a very long time. They have a curious aspect as they stalk about in these ungainly habits, looking for all the world as if some of the banners and coats of arms of the old knights around had been endowed with life, and were shuffling about the floor. To them soon come a number of Gentlemen Ushers, stiff with bullion and edged about with gold, who assemble round Mr. Spencer Ponsonby, receive their last instructions, and study a *carte du pays* of the choir, showing them their own places and, what is still more important, every body else's. Now and then a Guardsman in full uniform, a Silver Stick, or Gentleman-at-Arms, enters for a moment to look about him, but no one stays, though it is 10¼, and the knave, as can be heard from the hum of conversation, must be nearly full or filling fast. The Queen's private band begin to muster in their gallery, from which immediately issue sounds of instruments being tuned and tuned, and otherwise exasperated into a succession of the most doleful discords, varied occasionally by a tap on the drum, as if the performances were about to commence forthwith.

Madame Goldschmidt, formerly Jenny Lind, looks into the choir for a single minute, and then ascends to her place among the other ladies who are to sing the hymn of praise on this great day.

ARRIVAL OF THE NOBILITY.

At last the Marchioness of Ailesbury enters, and seats herself in a stall of a Knight of the Garter, next to that over which her husband's banner floats. She is in court costume, but wearing no train, and with a magnificent circlet of diamonds round her head. As if they had been waiting for this example to be set, and for some one to break the stately solitude of the shrine, many ladies follow the Marchioness quickly.

All are in full court dress, with the exception that they wear no trains, and all, without exception, are dressed in velvet or satin, either of blue, mauve, or violet color, the latter being the prevailing tone. All, too, wear feathers and diamonds in their hair, and some show tiaras of brilliants almost large enough to form head-dresses, so completely do the glittering jewels cover the head like a regal crown.

Almost the first male visitor to put in an appearance is Sir George Grey, who comes accompanied by Lady Grey. They take their places on the left, and are quickly followed by Lord and Lady Stanley, and a host of other noble and official personages.

All the gentlemen are in full official uniform, and wear the chief insignia of whatever orders they have the honor to possess, collars and badges in the fullest state. No bridal favors are worn on such an occasion of state dress; but, as a kind of *amende* for this necessary omission, where the collars of the orders of knighthood are displayed they are in every case looped at the shoulders with bows of white satin ribbon, which answers the purpose equally well. Now that the choir is almost full, the predominance of mauve and violet colors is more marked than ever—in fact, few other tints are shown, except when ladies who fear the cold keep their white burnouses, which all without exception have, still wrapped about their shoulders. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress are among the late arrivals. His lordship wears his robes of state, which, without being over gaudy, make a rich addition even to the mass of uniforms and gorgeous dresses around.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER.

It is a quarter to twelve, and there is a short hush of expectation—one of those periods of unaccountable silence which always fall at intervals even upon the most crowded and animated assemblies. The Usher of the Black Rod, Sir Augustus Clifford, enters, and then there is another pause, that is quickly broken by a loud hum of admiration in the nave, which the more stately and select gathering in the choir only notice by increased rigidity of uprightness till the cause of the murmur is made known by the appearance at the entrance of the Knights of the Garter, all robed and jeweled in their almost regal costume, and headed by the Premier himself. They make a noble and a gallant show as they sweep up the choir like a procession of monarchs, with their long velvet mantles of imperial blue, looped at the shoulders with white ribbon, trailing after them. Lord Palmerston proceeds at once to his stall on the left, where he is joined by Lady Palmerston; and the others, after waiting for a single second in a stately group, pass also to their seats. The Premier was, of course, the most observed of all, as he stepped up lightly into his seat, and looked round him with a brisk joviality, as if about to quell a troublesome member, or evade, by a most voluminous reply, an awkward question. The Duke of Newcastle, Earl Granville, Earl Clarendon, and Earl Russell are the most noticed of the rest, and the latter when once he sits in his wide, high, ample stall, is almost lost to view.

After all the knights are seated the Lord Chancellor, in his state robes and carrying the Great Seal, passes slow and stately up the choir—alone, but a perfect pageant in himself—to his seat at the head of all.

THE QUEEN.

Suddenly there is just a perceptible movement—a kind of consciousness that something has occurred which tells at once that the Queen is either coming or has come, and all eyes are quietly directed toward the quaint old pew in the wall. In another instant the Queen herself appears, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the brother of the late Prince, and, as we all know, so like him as to make the resemblance almost startling as he stands by the side of Her Majesty. The Queen wears the simplest and plainest of widow's weeds—a widow's cap, a black silk dress, with white collar and cuffs, and black gloves. The only colors which appear upon her are the star of the Order of the Garter, and its blue ribbon, narrowed to the width Her Majesty usually wears across her left shoulder. She looks well in health, but thinner and older, with the permanent traces of deep grief and care stamped on every lineament of her features.

She stands at the window of the royal pew, a little withdrawn from general gaze, and only to be seen at all by those on the opposite side of the choir glancing quietly into the interior, while the Duke of Saxe-Coburg speaks, and apparently explains to her the arrangements going on below for the great ceremony which has drawn her forth from her mourning and seclusion. After a few minutes, she seats herself a little away from the window, and the Duke retires.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Officers of the household, pursuivants, and heralds lead the way as before, halting and making a double line below the dais, while the Princess Mary, of Cambridge, her magnificent train borne by Lady Edith Somerset, moves up the choir with the most stately grace. At the dais her attendant pauses, and she turns to gather her train over her arm, and, moving to the centre, makes a profound courtesy to her Majesty, then passes at once to her place on the north of the altar, in front of and just beneath those treasures of iron-work, the gates of Quintin Matsys. As she passes in the Duchess of Cambridge follows, with like state and ceremony, and then the Princess Beatrice, Princess Louise, and Princess Helena ascend in turn, followed by the Princes Arthur and Leopold, the latter in Highland dresses of the Royal tartan. All bow and courtesy deeply to the Queen, and the Princess Helena, who wears a train, gathers hers on her arm like the rest, and seats herself near the Duchess of Cambridge. The next is the Princess Alice, wearing a noble coronet of brilliants, who pays the same deep reverence to her mother as all the rest; then the Princess Royal, looking as young, as amiable, and as timid as when, with slow steps, she herself was led to the altar at the Chapel Royal, but this time leading by the hand a fine little boy, who, all unawed by the stately pomp around, dragged on his mother's arm, as he looked behind him at the pageant, and with difficulty brought his little feet to surmount the three steps of the *haut pas*. All have risen as they enter, and the Queen now rises too, and bows to her daughter with a kind and winning smile—the first that has passed across her face since she entered the chapel. Beethoven's noble march has been played as they filed in, but, as may be guessed, its strains, though beautifully rendered, are but little attended to in such a scene as this. The Queen has evidently found an object which more deeply interests her, and instead of seating herself again she remains at the closet-window, watching her royal children as they pass one after another to their seats beneath, and even when they are seated she leans over the front and remains gazing down at them steadily with an expression of fond pride which is unmistakable, and in which no trace of grief can be discovered now.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Again the cheers come louder and more sustained than ever from the outside; again there is the same pause, broken by the trumpets and rattling kettle-drums in the Nave, and this time all save the Queen herself rise and remain standing respectfully; for it is the bridegroom that approaches. Great officers precede him, but they are little heeded; all eyes are turned upon the Prince of Wales, who, in his uniform of General, but wearing over all the insignia and purple mantle of a Knight of the Garter, comes slowly up the Choir, partly accompanied, partly followed by his brother-in-law, the Prince of Prussia, and his uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, similarly robed. The Wedding March is played as they move up with stately ease, and the Queen rises and comes fully forward as the *haut pas* is reached, and the three ascend and turn in line toward her, bowing deeply. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and the Prince of Prussia retire to the south side of the altar, and the bridegroom, after kneeling a few seconds in prayer, rises and stands "the rose and expectancy of this fair State," in the centre of the *haut pas*, alone, with his face toward the Queen.

Such an occasion is one in which few men appear to advantage; yet the Prince gains by passing through it. With the easy grace that seems natural to all his actions he stood alone, the watched and observed of all observers, neither bashful nor confident, but with a manly royal bearing that became his illustrious birth and exalted station. He looked round upon the splendid scene for a moment quietly and easily, and his every movement, his look, his very bearing, seemed in their vivid likeness to his royal father to amaze and impress all—even those who, by their rank and station, might be supposed to be the most familiar with his features. As the sound of cheering was heard without, marking the coming of his youthful bride, he kept turning his head every moment; for from where he stood, in the centre of the altar, he could see through the screen and down the nave beyond to where the crimson curtains would hide the marshaling of the bride's procession. Often and often did he glance this way, but the curtains were motionless, and gave no sign of the coming forth of her whom all now watched for with such eager expectation that the suspense even of the slight delay seemed almost painful. Still he stood alone, and, though evidently keenly anxious for the coming of his young bride, he bore eager scrutiny of all with a quiet ease that was charming.

THE BRIDE.

At last, with a great clangor of trumpets, which at first are muffled into a rich indistinctness behind the curtains, the long-looked-for procession of the bride enters, and the Prince, giving one look to satisfy himself of the fact of the arrival, keeps his eyes fixed upon the Queen, and never turns his head again till his affianced stands beside him.

The hush was now so deep and breathless that even the restless glitter of the jewels that twinkled every where seemed almost to break it, and, despite the stately etiquette which had hitherto regulated every word and gesture, all now bent far and eagerly forward, as the hum and rustle in the nave beyond showed the young bride to be drawing near. In another minute she had entered, and stood,

"In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one,"

the fairest and almost the youngest of all her lovely train that bloomed in fair array behind her. Though not agitated, she appeared nervous, and the soft, delicate bloom of color, which ordinarily imparts a look of joyous happiness to her expressive features, had all but disappeared, as, with head bent down, but glancing her eyes occasionally from side to side, she moved slowly up toward the altar. The programme tells us that she was supported on the right by her royal father, Prince Christian, of Denmark, and on her left by the Duke of Cambridge; and the same dry but most authentic document leads us to believe that both were in full uniform, and wore the collars and badges of their respective orders of knighthood. But without wishing at all to derogate from the importance of these illustrious personages, we may say that any one else might have safely borne their part, so deep, so all-absorbing was the interest with which the bride, and bride alone, was watched. From the way her features are now shaded by the veil and her looks bent forward, it is difficult to see her features more fully; but as she nears the altar she drops her arm, and for the first time appears beneath the folds of her veil a large bouquet of orange flowers, carried in a princely gift from the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh.

On these occasions, we believe, the dress of the bride ranks, in general estimation, as only second in importance to the celebration of the ceremony itself, which is to be regretted, for a lady's dress, like a lady's beauty, can only be described by its effect. It is embroidered white silk, trimmed with silver, which can just be discerned in rich designs glittering between the snowy folds. The traditional white is not, however, departed from, though over all she wears a slight bodice with open sleeves of white silk, embroidered with silver, and which, falling tight, sets off her tapering waist and faultless symmetry of form to absolute perfection.

Her gorgeous train of white and silver is borne by eight young ladies, between the ages of fifteen and twenty, the very choice and flower of the fair scions of our most ancient houses. The young ladies thus honored with so fair a post in the long programme of this happy day are all the daughters of Dukes, Marquises, or Earls whose titles are almost as familiar as the names of our Kings of old.

THE QUEEN OVERCOME.

Handel's march from "Joseph" had been played at entering, but all music had ceased as the party stood around the altar, till its strains broke out with the solemn words of the chorale:

"This day, with joyful heart and voice,
To Heav'n be raised a nation's pray'r;
Almighty Father, deign to grant
Thy blessing to the wedded pair.

"So shall no clouds of sorrow dim
The sunshine of their early days;
But happiness in endless round
Shall still encompass all their ways."

The exquisitely soft music of this chant, at once solemn and sorrowful, was composed by the late Prince Consort. It may have been this, or the associations and life-long memories called up by the scene beneath her; but certain it is that as the hymn commenced Her Majesty drew back from the window of the pew, and, after an effort to conceal her emotion, gave way to her tears, and almost sobbed; nor did she throughout the rest of the ceremony entirely recover her composure.

THE CEREMONY.

As the solemn chant ended the Prelates advanced to the communion rails, and the Primate, in a rich, clear voice, which was heard throughout every part of the building, choir or nave, commenced the service with the usual formulary, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here, in the sight of God and in the face of this congregation, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony." There is a solemn pause after that dreadful adjuration, in which they are charged to answer if there was any impediment to their marriage; and then, after a moment, the Primate passed on to, "Wilt thou, Albert Edward, have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

To this the Prince rather bowed than responded, his utterance was so indistinct. To the same question, "Wilt thou, Alexandra Caroline Maria, have this man to thy wedded husband?" the reply was just audible, but nothing more, though, as usual, every ear was strained to catch it.

But to the words, "I take thee, Alexandra, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth," the Prince repeated clearly, word for word, after his Grace; though now again, when it was the turn of the young bride, she could be heard only to answer almost inaudibly, and her cheeks were suffused with a crimson flush, and she seemed very nervous.

To the question, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" the royal father of the bride only bowed and moved toward the Princess, who was removing her glove hurriedly. Then the Primate joined their hands, and in a clear, soft voice, firmly and deliberately repeated the words:

"With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow: in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

All then knelt down while the prayer commencing, "O Eternal God, Creator and Preserver of all mankind, Giver of all spiritual grace, the Author of everlasting life; send Thy blessing upon these Thy servants, this man and this woman, whom we bless in Thy name," was solemnly repeated, and then they rose, while the Primate joined their hands, and said the final words, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

With these words, which in law completed the marriage ceremony, the service was continued to the 67th Psalm, the solemn strains of which came like a relief to what seemed almost the overwrought feeling of all within the choir as the words went pealing softly through both nave and aisle.

The happy couple have gone to spend the honeymoon at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight.

The pleasure of the wedding was somewhat marred by the bad arrangements of the police. Seven women were crushed to death in the throng, and one hundred wounded. If such a thing occurred here, how our "mobocracy" would be abused!

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVII.—(*Continued.*)

Ellinor walked as nearly round the castle as ever she could, looking up at the few high-barred windows she could see, and wondering in what part of the building Dixon was confined. Then she went into the adjoining church-yard, and sitting down upon a tomb-stone, she gazed idly at the view spread below her—a view which was considered as the lion of the place, to be shown to all strangers by the inhabitants of Hellingford. Ellinor did not see it, however. She only saw the blackness of that fatal night. The hurried work—the lanterns glancing to and fro. She only heard the hard breathing of those who are engaged upon unwonted labor; the few hoarse muttered words; the swaying of the branches to and fro. All at once the church-clock above her struck eight, and then pealed out for distant laborers to cease their work for a time; such was the old custom of the place. Ellinor rose up, and made her way back to Mr. Johnson's house in High Street. The room felt close and confined in which she awaited her interview with Mr. Johnson, who had sent down an apology for having overslept himself, and at last made his appearance in a hurried, half-awakened state, in consequence of his late hospitality of the night before.

"I am so sorry I gave you all so much trouble last night," said Ellinor, apologetically. "I was overtired, and so much shocked by the news I heard."

"No trouble, no trouble, I am sure. Neither Mrs. Johnson nor I felt it in the least a trouble. Many ladies, I know, feel such things very trying, though there are others that can stand a judge's putting on the black cap better than most men. I'm sure I saw some as composed as could be under Judge Corbet's speech."

"But about Dixon? He must not die, Mr. Johnson."

"Well, I don't know that he will," said Mr. Johnson, in something of the tone of voice he would have used in soothing a child. "Judge Corbet said something about the possibility of a pardon. The jury did not recommend him to mercy; you see, his looks went so much against him, and all the evidence was so strong, and no defense, so to speak, for he would not furnish any information on which we could base defense. But the judge did give some hope, to my mind, though there are others that think differently."

"I tell you, Mr. Johnson, he must not die, and he shall not. To whom must I go?"

"Whew! Have you got additional evidence?" with a sudden sharp glance of professional inquiry.

"Never mind," Ellinor answered. "I beg your pardon.........only tell me into whose hands the power of life and death have passed."

"Into the Home Secretary's—Sir Philip Homes; but you can not get access to him on such an errand. It is the judge who tried the case that must urge a reprieve—Judge Corbet."

"Judge Corbet?"

"Yes; and he was rather inclined to take a merciful view of the whole case. I saw it in his charge. He'll be the person for you to see. I suppose you don't like to give me your confidence, or else I could arrange and draw up what will have to be said?"

"No. What I have to say must be spoken to the arbiter—to no one else. I am afraid I answered you impatiently just now. You must forgive me; if you knew all, I am sure you would."

"Say no more, my dear lady. We will suppose you have some evidence not adduced at the trial. Well, you must go up and see the judge, since you don't choose to impart it to any one, and lay it before him. He will, doubtless, compare it with his notes of the trial, and see how far it agrees with them. Of course you must be prepared with some kind of proof of what you say, for Judge Corbet will have to test your evidence."

"It seems strange to think of him as the judge," said Ellinor, almost to herself.

"Why, yes. He's but a young judge. You knew him at Hamley, I suppose? I remember his reading there with Mr. Ness."

"Yes. But do not let us talk more about that time. Tell me, when can I see Dixon? I have been to the castle already, but they said I must have a sheriff's order."

"To be sure. I desired Mrs. Johnson to tell you so last night. Old Ormerod was dining here; he is clerk to the magistrates, and I told him of your wish. He said he would see Sir Henry Croper, and have the order here before ten. But all this time Mrs. Johnson is waiting breakfast for us. Let me take you into the dining-room."

It was very hard work for Ellinor to do her duty as a guest, and to allow herself to be interested and talked to on local affairs by her host and hostess. But she felt as if she had spoken shortly and abruptly to Mr. Johnson in their previous conversation, and that she must try and make amends for it; so she attended to all the details about the restoration of the church, and the difficulty of getting a good music-master for the three little Miss Johnsons, with all her usual gentle good-breeding and patience, though no one can tell how her heart and imagination were full of the coming interview with poor old Dixon.

By-and-by Mr. Johnson was called out of the room to see Mr. Ormerod, and receive the order of admission from him. Ellinor clasped her hands tight together as she listened with apparent composure to Mrs. Johnson's never-ending praise of the Tonic Sol-fa system. But when Mr. Johnson returned she could not help interrupting her eulogy, and saying,

"Then I may go now?"

"Yes; the order was there—she might go, and Mr. Johnson would accompany her, to see that she met with no difficulty or obstacle.

As they walked thither he told her that some one—a turnkey, or some one—would have to be present at the interview; that such was always the rule in the case of condemned prisoners; but that if this third person was "obliging" he would keep out of ear-shot. Mr. Johnson quietly took care to see that the turnkey who accompanied Ellinor was "obliging."

The man took her across high-walled courts, and along stone corridors, and through many locked doors before they came to the "condemned cells."

"I've had three at a time in here," said he, unlocking the final door, "after Judge Morton had been here. We always called him the 'Hanging Judge.' But it's five years since he died, and since then there's been never more than one in at a time—though once it was a woman for poisoning her husband. Mary Jones was her name."

The stone passage out of which the cells opened was light, and bare, and scrupulously clean. Over each door was a small barred window, and an outer window of the same description was placed high up in the cell which the turnkey now opened.

Old Abraham Dixon was sitting on the side of his bed, doing nothing. His head was bent, his frame sunk, and he did not seem to care to turn round and see who it was that entered.

Ellinor tried to keep down her sobs while the man went up to him, and laying his hand on his shoulder, and lightly shaking him, he said:

"Here's a friend come to see you, Dixon." Then, turning to Ellinor, he added, "There's some as takes it in this kind o' stunned way, while others are as restless as a wild beast in a cage after they're sentenced." And then he withdrew into the passage, leaving the door open, so that he could see all that passed if he chose to look, but ostentatiously keeping his eyes averted, and whistling to himself, so that he could not hear what they said to each other.

Dixon looked up at Ellinor, but then let his eyes fall on the ground again; the increased trembling of his shrunk frame was the only sign he gave that he had recognized her.

She sat down by him, and took his large horny hand in hers. She wanted to overcome her inclination to sob hysterically before she spoke. She stroked the bony, shriveled fingers on which her hot, scalding tears kept dropping.

"Dunnot do that," said he, at length, in a hollow voice. "Dunnot take on about it; it's best as it is, missy."

"No! Dixon, it is not best. It shall not be. You know it shall not—can not be."

"I'm rather tired of living. It's been a great strain and labor for me. I think I'd as lief be with God as with men. And you see I were fond on him ever sin' he were a little lad, and told me what hard times he had at school, he did, just as if I were his brother! I loved him next to Molly Greaves. Dear! and I shall see her again, I reckon, come next Saturday week! They'll think well on me up there, I'll be bound; though I can not say as I've done all as I should do here below."

"But, Dixon," said Ellinor, "you know who did this—this—"

"Guilty o' murder," said he. "That's what they called it. Murder! And that it never were, choose who did it."

"My poor, poor father did it. I am going up to London this afternoon—I am going to see the judge, and tell him all."

"Don't you demean yourself to that fellow, missy. It's him as left you in the lurch as soon as sorrow and shame came nigh you."

He looked up at her now for the first time; but she went on as if she had not noticed those wist, weary eyes.

"Yes; I shall go to him. I know who it is, and I am resolved. After all he may be better than a stranger for real help; and I shall never remember any—any thing else when I think of you, good, faithful friend."

"He looks but a wizened old fellow in his gray wig. I should hardly ha' known him. I gave him a look as much as to say, 'I could tell tales o' you, my lord judge, if I chose.' I don't know if he heeded me though. I suppose it were for a sign of old acquaintance that he said he'd recommend me to mercy. But I'd sooner have death nor mercy, by long odds. Yon man out there says mercy means Botany Bay. It would be like killing me by inches, that would. It would. I'd liefer go straight to Heaven than live on among the black folk."

He began to shake again; this idea of transportation, from its very mysteriousness, was more terrifying to him than death. He kept on saying, plaintively, "Missy, you'll never let them send me to Botany Bay—I could not stand that."

"No, no!" said she. "You shall come out of this prison, and go home with me to East Chester—I promise you, you shall. I promise you. I don't yet quite know how, but trust in my promise. Don't fret about Botany Bay. If you go there, I go too—I am so sure you will not go. And you know if you have done any thing against the law in concealing that fatal night's work, I did too; and if you are to be punished, I will be punished too. But I feel sure it will be right—I mean as right as any thing can be, with the recollection of that time present to us, as it must always be." She almost spoke these last words to herself. They sat on, hand in hand, for a few minutes more in silence.

"I thought you'd come to me. I knowed you were far away in foreign parts. But I used to pray to God. 'Dear Lord God!' I used to say, 'let me see her again.' I told the chaplain as I'd begin to pray for repentance—at after I'd done praying that I might see you once again; for it just seemed to take all my strength to say those words as I have named. And I thought as how God knew what was in my heart better than I could tell Him. How I was main and sorry for all as I'd ever done wrong; I allays were, at after it was done; but I thought as no one could know how bitter-keen I wanted to see you."

Again they sank into silence. Ellinor felt as if she would fain be away and active in procuring his release; but she also perceived how precious her presence was to him, and she did not like to leave him a moment before the time allowed for. His voice had changed to a weak piping old man's quaver, and between the times of his talking he seemed to relapse into a dreamy state; but through it all he held her hand tight, as though afraid that she would leave him.

So the hour elapsed, with no more spoken words than those above. From time to time

Ellinor's tears dropped down upon her lap; she could not restrain them, though she scarce knew why she cried just then.

At length the turnkey said that the time allowed for the interview was ended. Ellinor spoke no word, but rose and bent down and kissed the old man's forehead, saying,

"I shall come back to-morrow. God keep and comfort you."

So, almost without an articulate word from him in reply (he rose up and stood on his shaking legs as she bade him farewell, putting his hand to his head with the old habitual mark of respect), she went her way swiftly out of the prison, swiftly back with Mr. Johnson to his house, scarcely patient or strong enough in her hurry to explain to him fully all that she meant to do. She only asked him a few absolutely requisite questions, and informed him of her intention to go straight to London to see Judge Corbet.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Just before the railway-carriage in which Ellinor was seated started on the journey she bent forward and put out her hand once more to Mr. Johnson. "To-morrow I will thank you for all," she said. "I can not now."

It was about the same time that she had reached Hellingford on the previous night that she arrived at the Great Western Station on this evening—past eight o'clock. On the way she had remembered and arranged many things: one important question she had omitted to ask Mr. Johnson; but that was easily remedied. She had not inquired where she could find Judge Corbet; if she had, Mr. Johnson could probably have given her his professional address. As it was she asked for a Post-office Directory at the hotel, and looked out for his private dwelling—128 Hyde Park Gardens.

She rang for a waiter.

"Can I send a messenger to Hyde Park Gardens?" she said, hurrying on to her business, tired and worn-out as she was. "It is only to ask if Judge Corbet is at home this evening. If he is, I must go and see him."

The waiter was a little surprised, and would gladly have had her name to authorize the inquiry; but she could not bear to send it; it would be bad enough, that first meeting, without the feeling that he too had had time to recall all the past days. Better to go in upon him unprepared, and plunge into the subject.

The waiter returned with the answer while she yet was pacing up and down the room restlessly, nerving herself for the interview.

"The messenger has been to Hyde Park Gardens, ma'am. The Judge and Lady Corbet are gone out to dinner."

Lady Corbet! Of course Ellinor knew that he was married. Had she not been present at the wedding in East Chester Cathedral? But somehow these recent events had so carried her back to old times that the intimate association of the names, "the Judge and Lady Corbet," seemed to awaken her out of some dream.

"Oh, very well," she said, just as if these thoughts were not passing rapidly through her mind. "Let me be called at seven to-morrow morning, and let me have a cab at the door to Hyde Park Gardens at eight."

And so she went to bed, but scarcely to sleep. All night long she had the scenes of those old times, the happy, happy days of her youth, the one terrible night that cut all happiness short, present before her. She could almost have fancied that she heard the long-silent sounds of her father's step, her father's way of breathing, the rustle of his newspaper as he hastily turned it over, coming through the lapse of years, the silence of the night. She knew that she had the little writing-case of her girlhood with her in her box. The treasures of the dead that it contained, the morsel of dainty sewing, the little sister's golden curl, the half-finished letter to Mr. Corbet, were all there. She took them out and looked at each separately; looked at them long—long and wistfully. "Will it be of any use to me?" she questioned of herself as she was about to put her father's letter back into its receptacle. She read the last words over again once more: "From my death-bed I adjure you to stand her friend; I will beg pardon on my knees for any thing."

"I will take it," thought she. "I need not bring it out; most likely there will be no need for it, after what I shall have to say. All is so altered, so changed between us, as utterly as if it never had been, that I think I shall have no shame in showing it him for my own part of it. While if he sees poor papa's, dear, dear papa's suffering humility, it may make him think more gently of one who loved him once, though they parted in wrath with each other, I'm afraid."

So she took the letter with her when she drove to Hyde Park Gardens.

Every nerve in her body was in such a high state of tension that she could have screamed out at the cabman's boisterous knock at the door. She got out hastily, before any one was ready or willing to answer such an untimely summons, paid the man double what he ought to have had, and stood there sick, trembling, and humble.

"Is Judge Corbet at home? Can I see him?" she asked of the footman, who at length answered the door.

He looked at her curiously, and a little familiarly, before he replied.

"Why, yes! He's pretty sure to be at home at this time of day; but whether he'll see you is quite another thing."

"Would you be so good as to ask him? It is on very particular business."

"Can you give me a card? your name, perhaps, will do, if you have not a card. I say, Simmons" (to a lady's-maid crossing the hall), "is the judge up yet?"

"Oh yes! he's in his dressing-room this half hour. My lady is coming down directly. It is just breakfast-time."

"Can't you put it off, and come again a little later?" said he, turning once more to Ellinor—white Ellinor! trembling Ellinor!

"No! please let me come in. I will wait. I am sure Judge Corbet will see me if you will tell him I am here. Miss Wilkins. He will know the name."

"Well, then, will you wait here till I have got breakfast in?" said the man, letting her into the hall, and pointing to the bench there. He took her, from her dress, to be a lady's-maid or governess, or at most a tradesman's daughter; and besides he was behindhand with all his preparations. She came in and sat down.

"You will tell him I am here," said she, faintly.

"Oh yes; never fear; I'll send up word, though I don't believe he'll come to you before breakfast."

He told a page, who ran up stairs, and, knocking at the judge's door, told him a Miss Jenkins wanted to speak to him.

"Who?" asked the judge from the inside.

"Miss Jenkins; she said you would know the name, Sir."

"Not I. Tell her to wait."

So Ellinor waited. Presently down the stairs, with slow deliberate dignity, came the handsome Lady Corbet, in her rustling silks and ample petticoats, carrying her fine boy, and followed by her majestic nurse. She was ill-pleased that any one should come and take up her husband's time when he was at home and supposed to be enjoying domestic leisure; and her imperious, inconsiderate nature did not prompt her to any civility toward the gentle creature sitting down weary and heart-sick in her house. On the contrary, she looked her over as she slowly descended, till Ellinor shrank abashed from the steady gaze of the large black eyes. Then she, her baby, and nurse disappeared into the large dining-room, into which all the preparations for breakfast had been carried.

The next person to come down would be the judge. Ellinor instinctively put down her veil. She heard his quick, decided step; she had known it well of old.

He gave one of his quick, shrewd glances at the person sitting in the hall and waiting to speak to him, and his practiced eye recognized the lady at once, in spite of her travel-worn dress.

"Will you just come into this room?" said he, opening the door of his study, to the front of the house—the dining-room was to the back; they communicated by folding-doors.

The astute lawyer placed himself with his back to the window; it was the natural position of the master of the apartment; but it also gave him the advantage of seeing his companion's face in full light. Ellinor lifted her veil; it had only been a dislike to a recognition in the hall which had made her put it down.

Judge Corbet's countenance changed more than hers. She had been prepared for the interview; he was not. But he usually had the full command of the expression on his face.

"Ellinor! Miss Wilkins! is it you?" And he went forward holding out his hand with cordial greeting, under which the embarrassment, if he felt any, was carefully concealed. She could not speak all at once in the way she wished.

"That stupid Henry told me Jenkins! I beg your pardon. How could they put you down to sit in the hall? You must come in and have some breakfast with us; Lady Corbet will be delighted, I'm sure." His sense of the awkwardness of the meeting with the woman who was once to have been his wife, and of the probable introduction which was to follow to the woman who was his actual wife, grew upon him, and made him speak a little hurriedly. Ellinor's next words were a wonderful relief; and her soft, gentle way of speaking was like the touch of a cooling balsam.

"Thank you, you must excuse me. I am come strictly on business, otherwise I should never have thought of calling on you at such an hour. It is about poor Dixon."

"Ah! I thought as much!" said the judge, handing her a chair, and sitting down himself. He tried to compose his mind to business, but in spite of his strength of character and his present efforts the remembrance of old times would come back at the sound of her voice. He wondered if he was as much changed in appearance as she struck him as being in that first look of recognition. After that first glance he rather avoided meeting her eyes.

"I knew how much you would feel it. Some one at Hellingford told me you were abroad—in Rome, I think. But you must not distress yourself unnecessarily; the sentence is sure to be commuted to transportation or something equivalent. I was talking to the Home Secretary about it only last night. Lapse of time and subsequent good character quite preclude any idea of capital punishment." All the time that he said this he had other thoughts at the back of his mind—some curiosity, a little regret, a touch of remorse, a wonder how the meeting (which of course would have to be sometime) between Lady Corbet and Ellinor would go off; but he spoke clearly enough on the subject in hand, and no outward mark of distraction from it appeared.

Ellinor answered: "I came to tell you, what I suppose may be told to any judge in confidence and full reliance on his secrecy, that Abraham Dixon was not the murderer." She stopped short, and choked a little.

The judge looked sharply at her.

"Then you know who was?" said he.

"Yes," she replied, with a low, steady voice, looking him full in the face with sad, solemn eyes.

LOVE'S INCONSISTENCIES.

Because my Lady's eyes are tender blue,
And her sweet face is framed in golden hair,
I straightway vow, and ready am to swear,
No woman can be lovely if not fair!
Yet if my Love were dark, I should declare
Beauty was dark—and I should mean it too;

Protesting that I only loved brown eyes,
Doted on hair black as the raven's wing;
And I should make me sonnets, and should sing
In sweetest tones, my Lady hearkening,
Praise, oft-repeated, of the self-same thing:
In truth, Love does not make us overwise.

Yes, if my Lady bent her brows to frown,
I should maintain her loveliness too rare,
Too perfect, for so slight a thing to mar;
And I should say her frown was sweeter far
Than all the smiles of other women are,
And more became her than a golden crown.

But since my Love is gentle, meek, and fair,
And smiles on me, her lover, graciously;
And when I come, receives me lovingly;
And when I go, parts from me tenderly,
Saying, "When wilt thou come again to me?"
It needs must be that I praise golden hair,

And for her sake praise blue eyes, and fair brows,
As sweetest, purest, loveliest, and best;
Most womanly, most winning; prettiest,
And dearest every way; and for the rest—
The other eyes and hair, nor blue, nor fair—
Despise them all! And so I end my vows.

"KILLED IN ACTION."

It was the day of Cedar Mountain. Crawford had such scanty numbers that the cavalry was formed as a first line of battle, supporting the advance batteries. The audacity of the movement seemed to puzzle the enemy; for, instead of pushing us hard and driving back our feeble force, the whole morning was spent in slowly feeling their way into position, only now and then pitching a few harmless shell in our direction. Besides, they had about as good ground to fight on where they were as they could find further on; and they were probably ignorant what forces we might have upon their flanks. From sunrise until half past three in the afternoon we stood there wearily, only moving by squadrons to water and detaching carbineers as skirmishers. Across the fields, which rose in graceful undulations, we could faintly discern the columns of rebel cavalry and infantry moving from wood to wood, in the direction of our left. We were so placed that we could see nothing but the rebels, the Rhode Island cavalry formed near us, and one battery in sections on the rise of the hill behind us. At three o'clock we had gathered some oats and wheat harvested in the adjoining field, and were feeding them to our horses in addition to the corn-blades among which we stood, when the rebel batteries were moved by hand over the brow of the hill in front, and opened upon us with great rapidity of fire and accuracy of aim. Our skirmishers in the mean time were sharply engaged with theirs; and, notwithstanding their disadvantage in being mounted and having merely the short carbine, did considerable execution, losing only one horse. They kept their enemy nervously making little rushes forward as they fired, and falling back to load, so that the rebels began to fire wilder and wilder. At last there was an advance in force, and they opened with grape upon this scattered line. Our men came back like a whirlwind, completely obscured by dust, and fell into their places in the ranks. Now the battery which our regiment was supporting began to show its brilliant qualities. I think that it was L Battery, First New York Artillery, but am not positive. Its sections, one above the other, either concentrated their fire or distributed it as circumstances required; and from the first shot to the last almost every missile did its duty. An officer of ours, who was out with skirmishers on our right, was so placed that he could see the effects of the fire on a brigade who were lying behind a hill waiting to charge upon the battery. For a few seconds they lay under the fire. Those few seconds cost them thirty men; and as they sprang up to run away they were swept even more fearfully. The force broke, and was not, I believe, re-formed during the engagement. While the battery was doing its work we were doing ours—the unpleasantest duty that can be imposed. We had to sit in our saddles, motionless and helpless, exposed to a tremendous fire, and unable to return a shot. Out of the woods in our front the sharp-shooters of the rebel brigade had been sent to "*disperse that cavalry.*" Fortunately for us our Lieutenant-Colonel was an old soldier, and had chosen our place as none but an old soldier would. The corn-field was, as I have said, full of little undulations. Just in front of us was a hollow, and beyond it a rising ground. If we had been in the hollow, though covered from the sharp-shooters, we should have been raked by the artillery; and the hill-top was of course bad. So we stood to the rear of the hollow, on the rise of the hill; so that those in front, unconscious of this wide depression, must have thought us so much nearer to them, and have regulated their aim accordingly. This I imagine to have been the case, for a perfect storm of bullets swept across that brow of the hill, and struck up the dust at our horses' feet. Simultaneously balls came whirring through the air just above our heads, causing a shock to the nerves similar to that occasioned by a covey of quail starting from beneath our feet, and causing a good many of the men to dodge and twist a little in their saddles. I was remarking this fact indignantly to the Major, when, "Nonsense!" was his reply. "Why, I dodge myself!" of which he immediately gave an illustration. I looked around, and there were General Banks and his staff also bending gracefully to and fro. I therefore concluded that the fire was regarded as hot and heavy. "Steady, in the first squadron! Steady there, I say! What are you about?" sang out the Major's clear, stern voice. As he moved to check an apparent confusion, a man made his way out of the ranks—a little pale, perhaps, but otherwise as usual. "What are you doing leaving the ranks, Sir?" The man saluted quietly, and answered, "Hit, Sir." He had a "pretty" sharp clip from a rifle-ball. "Go to the rear and get dressed," said the Major. The line was dressed again without need of commands, and there we stood as calmly as ever under fire. But now the men began to suffer, and the horses especially had been struck several times. The battery had dismounted a gun which had been run up to the sharp-shooters, to open on us with canister, but the rifle-balls and the shell were becoming more and more accurate in their aim. Bayard turned and spoke to Banks. We heard the Major-General answer, "They stand it like veterans. I shall myself show these their new position when I move them." Presently the order came, "Platoons, right about wheel!" and at a walk, without breaking a rank, we steadily moved back, crossing the exposed hill-top and descending on the other side, where we again formed. But now our whole first line was falling back upon Banks's Corps, which had been formed as it had come up behind us; and the enemy had succeeded in planting a battery upon Cedar Mountain, which completely enfiladed our position. Over the brow of the hill, and from the left flank, the shriek of the shell thrilled our ears, and all along the line they burst with a sound that, once heard, can never be forgotten. The battery—one piece dismounted and half the horses killed—limbered up and moved off. Taking down the fence in our rear and that into the road at the right, the regiment again made an about, and retired a second time in line. That was the most trying time of all that day. The enemy's range was perfect, and with every discharge each man wondered how he had escaped. The apprehension of immediate death was strong in every soul, and yet the line moved over that uneven ground better than it could have done on drill. Not an attempt was made to break ranks or to straggle, even when comrades went down on either hand. Oh! how proud we were of the men, and how cheerfully and confidently all the officers ever after gave their orders, certain that they would be obeyed!

As the Chaplain, who had occasionally been riding along the ranks endeavoring to cheer the men while his services were not yet required in the hospital, turned from helping to clear away the fence, a man from the left came by, leading two or three horses.

"Where are you going from the field?"

"It's the Lieutenant, Sir. A shell has struck him, and the boys are carrying him, while I take the horses."

"Who? Not A——?" ejaculated the Chaplain, anxiously.

"Yes, Sir. Here he comes."

And there lay the poor boy, almost a child in look, and a sort of pet among officers and men, pale and stunned, in the arms of some of his platoon, his right leg nearly severed from his body. The crushed and torn muscles showed among them the broken bone, and the blood dropped slowly to the ground, mingling with the dust. To get him into an ambulance and drive back to the hospital seemed fearfully long for all; and I think that the men felt every jolt almost as sharply as did he. Behind a wood was spread out the ghastly apparatus of military surgery, and the poor boy was removed as quickly as circumstances would permit to the neighborhood of the table. As he lay in the Chaplain's arms he seemed to recognize the voice that spoke to him, and with the faint gaspings of a dying man he whispered,

"Oh, Chaplain, if I could only pray!"

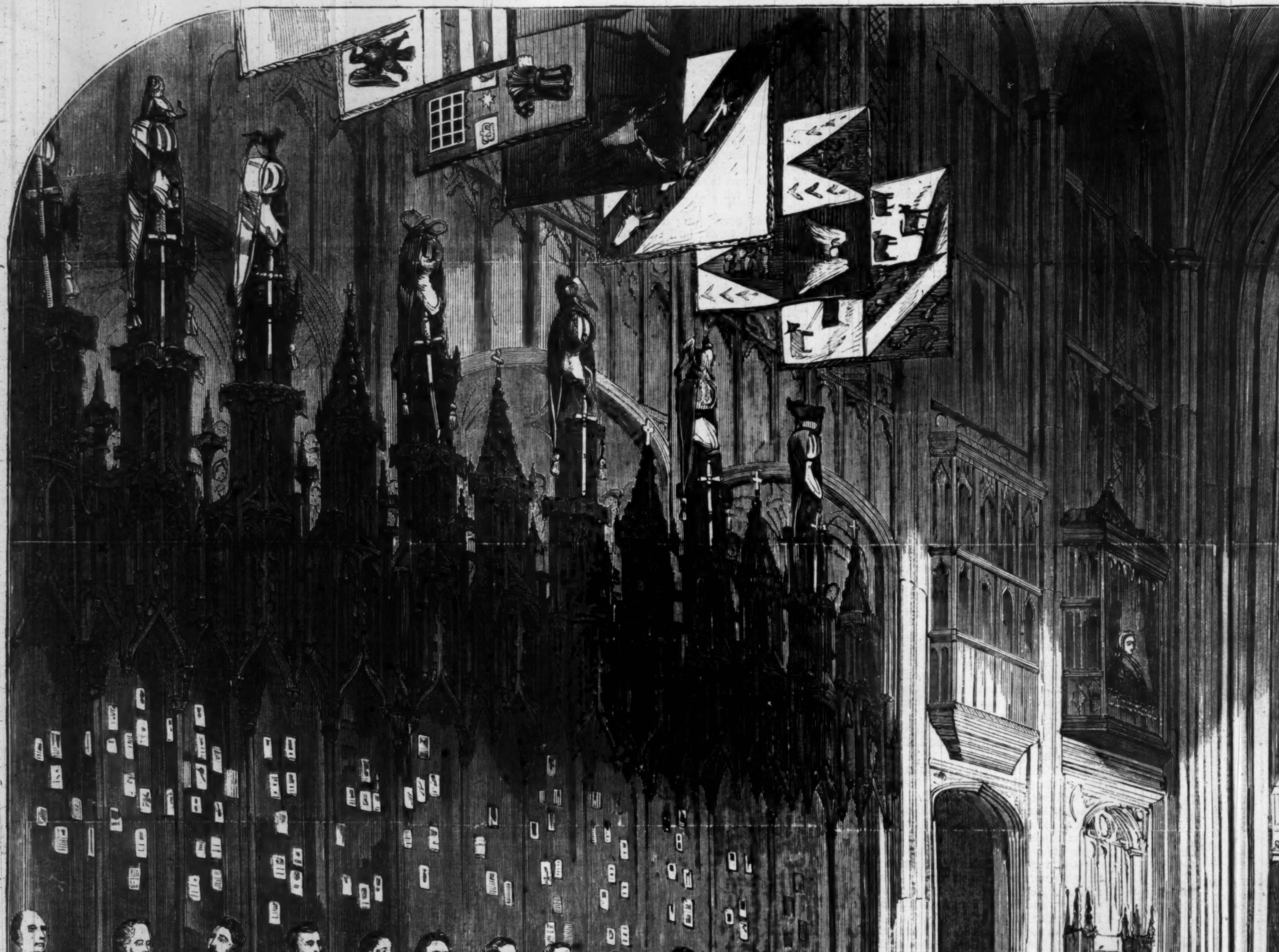
"Shall I pray for you?"

"Yes."

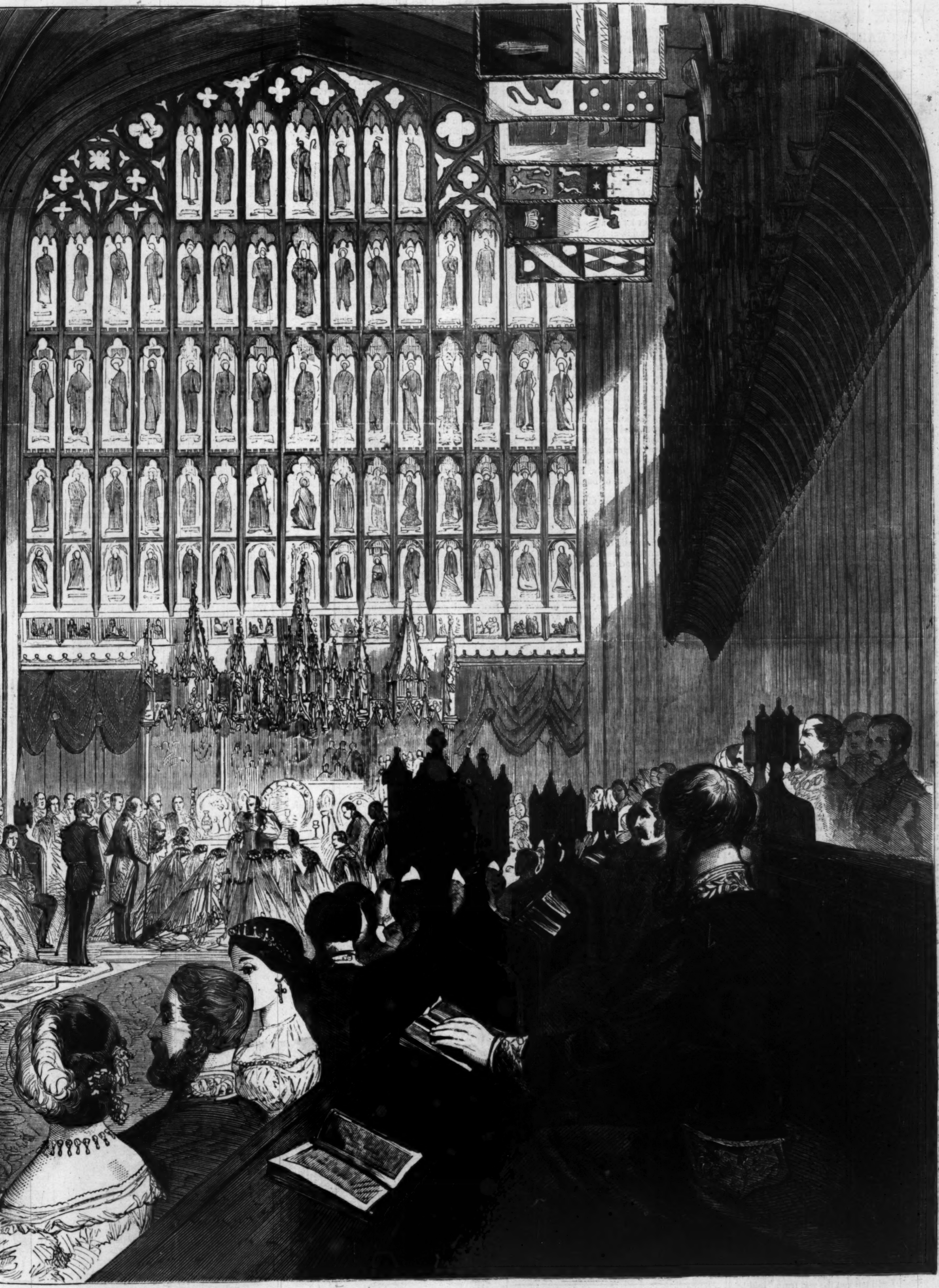
And the Chaplain put up those exquisite petitions in the service for the visitation of the sick:

> "O Father of mercies and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need, we fly unto Thee for succor in behalf of this Thy servant, here lying under Thy hand in great weakness of body. Look graciously upon him, O Lord; and the more the outward man decayeth, strengthen him, we beseech Thee, so much the more continually with Thy grace and Holy Spirit in the inner man. Give him unfeigned repentance for all the errors of his life past, and steadfast faith in Thy Son Jesus; that his sins may be done away by Thy mercy, and his pardon sealed in heaven before he go hence and be no more seen……
>
> "O Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prisons, we humbly commend the soul of this Thy servant, our dear brother, into Thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator and most merciful Saviour, most humbly beseeching Thee that it may be precious in Thy sight. Wash it, we pray Thee, in the blood of that immaculate Lamb, that was slain to take away the sins of the world; that whatsoever defilements it may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and naughty world, through the lusts of the flesh or the wiles of Satan, being purged and done away, it may be presented pure and without spot before Thee. And forasmuch as in all appearance the time of his dissolution draweth very near, so fit and prepare him now for the hour of death, that, after his departure hence in peace and in Thy favor, his soul may be received into Thine everlasting kingdom; through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, Thy only Son, our Lord and Saviour."

A——'s lips moved as if he were following the words of the petition to the very end. Then he was lifted on the table, the sponge of chloroform applied, and the ghastly work of amputation performed. He never recovered from the shock. His mind wandered again to the action, and he uttered words of command to his men. At last, with a feeble motion of his hand, he made an effort to ejaculate "Star-spangled banner!" These were his last words. The shells of the enemy came plunging through the wood, and struck against the fence behind which our hospital was established. A—— was placed in an ambulance, beside B——, who had been hit almost at the same moment; and the whole establishment moved back to a house in the rear. Scarcely had he been removed from the vehicle when he quietly breathed his last. He lies buried in Culpepper, in the southwest corner of our military grave-yard, while his cousin H—— sleeps at Harrisonburg, awaiting the same general Resurrection.



MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ST. GEORGE'S CHA



CHAPEL, WINDSOR, ON 10TH MARCH, 1863.—[SEE PAGE 229.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

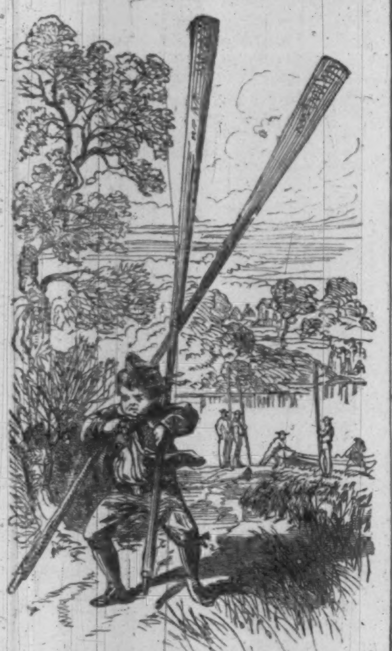
VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER II.

A YOUTH, adorned with a blue and yellow rosette, cried out, in the hearing of Mrs. Dodd, "I say, they are properly pumped, both crews are:" then, jumping on to a spoke of her carriage-wheel, with a slight apology, he announced that two or three were shut up in the Exeter.

The exact meaning of these two verbs passive was not clear to Mrs. Dodd: but their intensity was; she fluttered, and wanted to go to her boy and nurse him, and turned two most imploring eyes on Julia, and Julia straightway kissed her with gentle vehemence, and offered to run and see.

"What, among all those young gentlemen, love? I fear that would not be proper. See, all the ladies remain apart." So they kept quiet and miserable, after the manner of females.

Meantime the Cantab's quick eye had not deceived him; in each racing boat were two young gentlemen leaning collapsed over their oars; and two more, who were in a cloud, and not at all clear whether they were in this world still, or in their zeal had pulled into a better. But their malady was not a rare one in racing boats, and the remedy always at hand. It combined the rival systems. Thames was sprinkled in their faces—Homœopathy: and brandy in a tea-spoon trickled down their throats—Allopathy: youth and spirits soon did the rest; and, the moment their eyes opened, their mouths opened; and, the moment their mouths opened, they fell a chaffing.

Mrs. Dodd's anxiety and Julia's were relieved by the appearance of Mr. Edward, in a tweed shooting-jacket, sauntering down to them, hands in his pocket, and a cigar in his mouth, placidly unconscious of their solicitude on his account. He was received with a little guttural cry of delight; the misery they had been in about him was duly concealed from him by both, and Julia asked him warmly who had won.

"Oh, Cambridge."

"Cambridge! Why, then, you are beaten?"

"Rather." (Puff.)

"And you can come here with that horrible calm, and cigar, owning defeat, and puffing tranquillity, with the same mouth. Mamma, we are beaten. Beaten! actually."

"Never mind," said Edward, kindly; "you have seen a capital race, the closest ever known on this river; and one side or other must lose."

"And if they did not quite win, they very nearly did," observed Mrs. Dodd, composedly; then, with heart-felt content, "he is not hurt, and that is the main thing."

"Well, my Lady Placid, and Mr. Imperturbable, I am glad neither of your equanimities is disturbed; but defeat is a Bitter Pill to me."

Julia said this in her earnest voice, and drawing her scarf suddenly round her, so as almost to make it speak, digested her Bitter Pill in silence. During which process several Exeter men caught sight of Edward, and came round him, and an animated discussion took place. They began with asking him how it had happened, and, as he never spoke in a hurry, supplied him with the answers. A stretcher had broken in the Exeter. No, but the Cambridge was a much better-built boat, and her bottom cleaner. The bow oar of the Exeter was ill, and not fit for work. Each of these solutions was advanced and combated in turn, and then all together. At last the Babel lulled, and Edward was once more appealed to.

"Well, I will tell you the real truth," said he, "how it happened." (Puff.)

There was a pause of expectation, for the young man's tone was that of conviction, knowledge, and authority.

"The Cambridge men pulled faster than we did." (Puff.)

The hearers stared and then laughed.

"Come, old fellows," said Edward, "never win a boat-race on dry land! That is such a plain thing to do: gives the other side the laugh as well as the race. I have heard a stretcher or two told, but I saw none broken. (Puff.) Their boat is the worst I ever saw, it dips every stroke. (Puff.) Their strength lies in the crew. It was a good race and a fair one. Cambridge got a lead and kept it. (Puff.) They beat us a yard or two at rowing; but hang it all, don't let them beat us at telling the truth, not by an inch." (Puff.)

"All right, old fellow!" was now the cry. One observed, however, that Stroke did not take the matter so coolly as Six, for he had shed a tear getting out of the boat.

"Shed a fiddle-stick!" squeaked a little skeptic.

"No," said another, "he didn't quite shed it; his pride wouldn't let him."

"So he decanted it, and put it by for supper," suggested Edward, and puffed.

"None of your chaff, Six. He had a gulp or two, and swallowed the rest by main force."

"Don't you talk: you can swallow any thing, it seems." (Puff.)

"Well, I believe it," said one of Hardie's own set. "Dodd doesn't know him as we do. Taff Hardie can't bear to be beat."

When they were gone, Mrs. Dodd observed, "Dear me! what if the young gentleman did cry a little, it was very excusable; after such great exertions it *was* disappointing, mortifying. I pity him for one, and wish he had his mother alive and here, to dry them."*

"Mamma, it is you for reading us," cried Edward, slapping his thigh. "Well, then, since you can feel for a fellow, Hardie *was* a good deal cut up. You know the university was in a manner beaten, and he took the blame. He never cried; that was a cracker of those fellows. But he did give one great sob, that was all, and hung his head on one side a moment. But then he fought out of it directly, like a man, and there was an end of it, or ought to have been. Hang chatter-boxes!"

"And what did you say to console him, Edward?" inquired Julia, warmly.

"What me? Console my senior, and my Stroke? No, thank you."

At this thunder-bolt of etiquette both ladies kept their countenances—this was *their* muscular feat that day—and the racing for the sculls came on: six competitors—two Cambridge, three Oxford, one London. The three heats furnished but one good race, a sharp contest between a Cambridge man and Hardie, ending in favor of the latter; the Londoner walked away from his opponent. Sir Imperturbable's competitor was impetuous, and ran into him in the first hundred yards; Sir I. consenting calmly. The umpire, appealed to on the spot, decided that it was a foul, Mr. Dodd being in his own water. He walked over the course, and explained the matter to his sister, who delivered her mind thus:

"Oh! if races are to be won by going slower than the other, we may shine yet; *only*, I call it Cheating, not Racing."

He smiled unmoved; she gave her scarf the irony twist, and they all went to dinner. The business recommenced with a race between a London boat and the winner of yesterday's heat, Cambridge. Here the truth of Edward's remark appeared. The Cambridge boat was too light for the men, and kept burying her nose; the London craft, under a heavy crew, floated like a cork. The Londoners soon found out their advantage, and, overrating it, steered into their opponents' water prematurely, in spite of a warning voice from the bank. Cambridge saw, and cracked on for a foul; and for about a minute it was any body's race. But the Londoners pulled gallantly, and just scraped clear ahead. This peril escaped, they kept their backs straight and a clear lead to the finish; Cambridge followed a few feet in their wake, pulling wonderfully fast to the end, but a trifle out of form, and much distressed.

At this both universities looked blue, their humble aspiration being, first to beat off all the external world, and then tackle each other for the prize.

Just before Edward left his friends for "the sculls," the final heat, a note was brought to him. He ran his eye over it, and threw it open into his sister's lap. The ladies read it. Its writer had won a prize poem, and so now is our time to get a hint for composition:

DEAR SIR,—Oxford must win something. Suppose we go in for these sculls. You are a horse that can stay; Silcock is hot for the lead at starting, I hear; so I mean to work him out of wind; then you can wait on us, and pick up the race. My head is not well enough to-day to win, but I am good to pump the Cockney; he is quick, but a little stale.

Yours truly,

ALFRED HARDIE.

Mrs. Dodd remarked that the language was sadly figurative; but she hoped Edward might be successful in spite of his correspondent's style.

Julia said she did not dare hope it. "The race is not always to the slowest and the dearest." This was in allusion to yesterday's "foul."

The skiffs started down at the island, and, as they were longer coming up than the eight-oars, she was in a fever for nearly ten minutes; at last, near the opposite bank, up came the two leading skiffs struggling, both men visibly exhausted; Silcock ahead, but his rudder overlapped by Hardie's bow; each in his own water.

"We are third," sighed Julia, and turned her head away from the river sorrowfully; but only for a moment, for she felt Mrs. Dodd start and press her arm; and lo! Edward's skiff was shooting swiftly across from their side of the river. He was pulling just within himself, in beautiful form, and with far more elasticity than the other two had got left. As he passed his mother and sister, his eye seemed to strike fire, and he laid out all his powers, and went at the leading skiffs hand over head. There was a yell of astonishment and delight from both sides of the Thames. He passed Hardie, who upon that relaxed his speed. In thirty seconds more he was even with Silcock; then came a keen struggle: but the new-comer was "the horse that could stay:" he drew steadily ahead, and the stem of his boat was in a line with Silcock's person, when the gun fired, and a fearful roar from the bridge, the river, and the banks, announced that the favorite university had picked up the sculls in the person of Dodd of Exeter.

In due course, he brought the little silver sculls, and pinned them on his mother.

While she and Julia were telling him how proud they were and how happy they should be, but for their fears that he would hurt himself, beating gentlemen ever so much older than himself, came two Exeter men with wild looks hunting for him; "Oh, Dodd! Hardie wants you directly."

"Don't you go, Edward," whispered Julia: "Why should you be at Mr. Hardie's beck and call? I never heard of such a thing. That youth *will* make me hate him."

"Oh I think I had better just go and see what it is about," replied Edward: "I shall be back directly." And on this understanding he went off with the men.

Half an hour passed; an hour: two hours; and he did not return. Mrs. Dodd and Julia sat wondering what had become of him, and were looking all around, and getting uneasy; when at last they did hear something about him, but indirectly, and from an unexpected quarter. A tall young man in a jersey and flannel trowsers, and a little straw-hat, with a purple rosette, came away from the bustle to the more secluded part where they sat, and made eagerly for the Thames as if he was a duck, and going in. But at the brink he flung himself into a sitting posture, and dipped his white handkerchief into the stream, then tied it viciously round his brow, doubled himself up with his head in his hands, and rocked himself like an old woman—minus the patience, of course.

Mrs. Dodd and Julia, sitting but a few paces behind him, interchanged a look of intelligence. The young gentleman was a stranger: but they had recognized a faithful old acquaintance at the bottom of his pantomime. They discovered, too, that the afflicted one was a personage: for he had not sat there long when quite a little band of men came after him. Observing his semicircularity and general condition, they hesitated a moment: and then one of them remonstrated eagerly. "For Heaven's sake come back to the boat! there is a crowd of all the colleges come round us; and they all say Oxford is being sold; we had a chance for the four-oared race, and you are throwing it away."

"What do I care what they all say?" was the answer, delivered with a kind of plaintive snarl.

"But we care."

"Care then! I pity you." And he turned his back fiercely on them; and then groaned by way of half apology. Another tried him, "Come give us a civil answer, please."

"People that intrude upon a man's privacy, racked with pain, have no right to demand civility," replied the sufferer more gently, but sullenly enough.

"Do you call this privacy?"

"It was, a minute ago. Do you think I left the boat, and came here, among the natives, for company? and noise? With my head splitting."

Here Julia gave Mrs. Dodd a soft pinch, to which Mrs. Dodd replied by a smile. And so they settled who this petulant young invalid must be.

"There, it is no use," observed one, sotto voce, "the bloke really has awful headaches, like a girl, and then he always shuts up this way. You will only rile him, and get the rough side of his tongue."

Here, then, the conference drew toward a close. But a Wadham man, who was one of the embassadors, interposed. "Stop a minute," said he, "Mr. Hardie, I have not the honor to be acquainted with you, and I am not here to annoy you, nor to be affronted by you. But the University has a stake in this race, and the University expostulates through us; through me if you like."

"Who have I the honor," inquired Hardie, assuming politeness sudden and vast.

"Badham, of Wadham."

"Badham o' Wadham? Hear that, ye tuneful nine! Well Badham o' Wadham, you are no acquaintance of mine; so you may possibly not be a fool. Let us assume by way of hypothesis that you are a man of sense, a man of reason as well as of rhyme. Then follow my logic.

"Hardie of Exeter is a good man in a boat when he has not got a headache.

"When he has got a headache, Hardie of Exeter is not worth a straw in a boat.

"Hardie of Exeter has a headache now.

"Ergo, the university would put the said Hardie into a race, headache and all, and reduce defeat to a certainty.

"And, ergo, on the same premises, I, not being an egotist, nor an ass, have taken Hardie of Exeter and his headache out of the boat, as I should have done any other cripple.

"Secondly, I have put the best man on the river into this cripple's place.

"Total, I have given the university the benefit of my brains; and the university, not having brains enough to see what it gains by the exchange, turns again and rends me, like an animal frequently mentioned in Scripture; but, nota bene, never once with approbation."

And the afflicted Rhetorician attempted a diabolical grin, but failed signally; and groaned instead.

"Is this your answer to the university, Sir?"

At this query, delivered in a somewhat threatening tone, the invalid sat up all in a moment, like a poked lion.

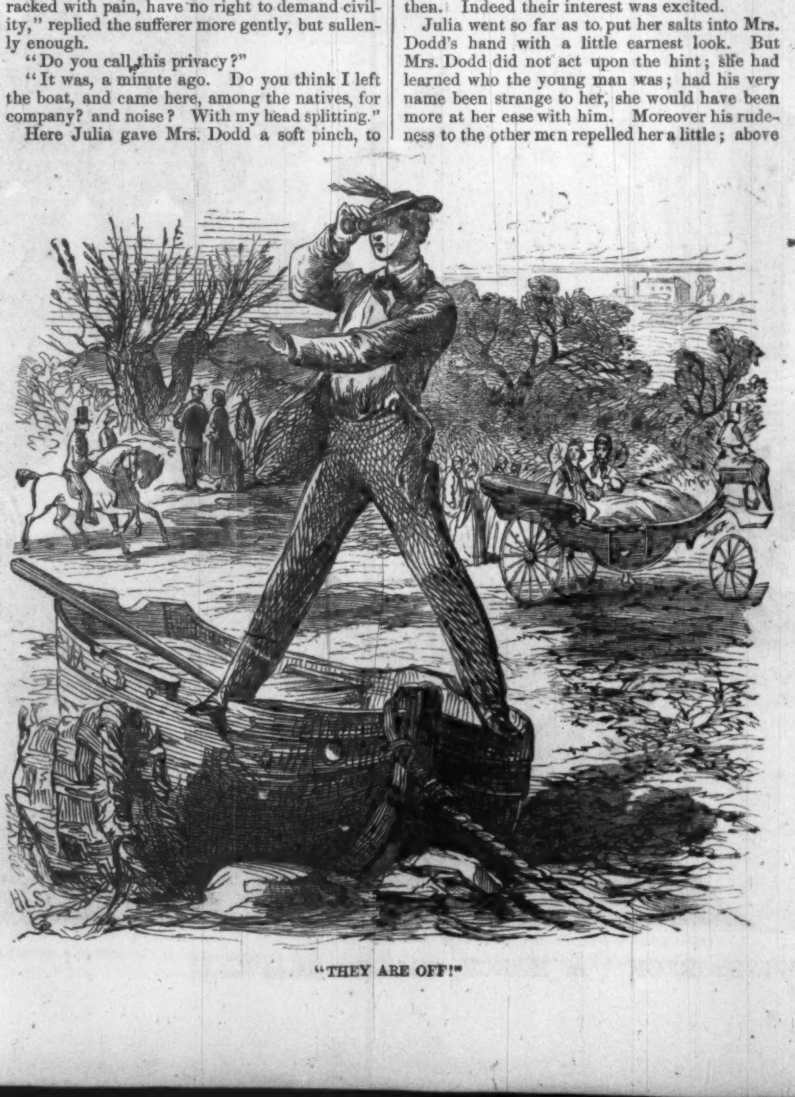
"Oh, if Badham o' Wadham thinks to crush me auctoritate suâ et totius universitatis, Badham o' Wadham may just tell the whole university to go and be d—d, from the Chancellor down to the junior cook at Skimmery Hall, with my compliments."

"Ill conditioned brute!" muttered Badham of Wadham. "Serve you right if the university were to chuck you into the Thames." And with this comment they left him to his ill-temper. One remained; sat quietly down a little way off, struck a sweetly aromatic lucifer, and blew a noisome cloud; but the only one which betokens calm.

As for Hardie he held his aching head over his knees, absorbed in pain, and quite unconscious that sacred pity was poisoning the air beside him, and two pair of dove-like eyes resting on him with womanly concern.

Mrs. Dodd and Julia had heard the greatest part of this colloquy. They had terribly quick ears; and nothing better to do with them just then. Indeed their interest was excited.

Julia went so far as to put her salts into Mrs. Dodd's hand with a little earnest look. But Mrs. Dodd did not act upon the hint; she had learned who the young man was; had his very name been strange to her, she would have been more at her ease with him. Moreover his rudeness to the other men repelled her a little; above



"THEY ARE OFF!"

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* Oh where, *and* oh where, *was* her Lindley Murray gone?

all he had uttered a monosyllable; and a stinger; a thorn of speech not in her vocabulary, nor even in society's. Those might be his manners, even when not aching. Still, it seems, a feather would have turned the scale in his favor, for she whispered, "I have a great mind; if I could but catch his eye."

While feminine pity and social reserve were holding the balance so nicely, and nonsensically, about half a split straw, one of the racing four oars went down close under the Berkshire bank.

"London!" cried Hardie's adherent.

"What are you there, old fellow?" murmured Hardie, in a faint voice. "Now, that is like a friend, a real friend, to sit by me, and not make a row. Thank you! thank you!"

Presently the Cambridge four-oar passed: it was speedily followed by the Oxford; the last came down in mid-stream, and Hardie eyed it keenly as it passed. "There," he cried, "was I wrong? There is a swing for you; there is a stroke. I did not know what a treasure I had got sitting behind me."

The ladies looked, and lo! the lauded Stroke of the four-oar was their Edward.

"Sing out and tell him it is not like the sculls. He must fight for the lead, at starting, and hold it with his eyelids when he has got it."

The adherent bawled this at Edward, and Edward's reply came ringing back in a clear cheerful voice, "We mean to try all we know."

"What is the odds?" inquired the invalid, faintly.

"Even on London; two to one against Cambridge; three to one against us."

"Take all my tin and lay it on," sighed the sufferer.

"Fork it out, then. Hallo! eighteen pounds? Fancy having eighteen pounds at the end of term! I'll get the odds up at the bridge directly. Here's a lady offering you her smelling-bottle."

Hardie rose and turned round, and sure enough there were two ladies seated in their carriage at some distance; one of whom was holding him out three pretty little things enough—a little smile, a little blush, and a little cut-glass bottle with a gold cork. The last panegyric on Edward had turned the scale.

Hardie went slowly up to the side of the carriage, and took off his hat to them with a half-bewildered air. Now that he was so near, his face showed very pale; the more so that his neck was a good deal tanned; his eyelids were rather swollen, and his young eyes troubled and almost filmy with the pain. The ladies saw, and their gentle bosoms were touched: they had heard of him as a victorious young Apollo, trampling on all difficulties of mind and body; and they saw him wan, and worn, with feminine suffering: the contrast made him doubly interesting.

Arrived at the side of the carriage he almost started at Julia's beauty. It was sun-like, and so were her two lovely earnest eyes, beaming soft pity on him with an eloquence he had never seen in human eyes before; for Julia's were mirrors of herself: they did nothing by halves.

He looked at her and her mother, and blushed, and stood irresolute, awaiting their commands. This sudden contrast to his petulance with his own sex paved the way. "You have a sad headache, Sir," said Mrs. Dodd; "oblige me by trying my salts."

He thanked her in a low voice.

"And mamma," inquired Julia, "ought he to sit in the sun?"

"Certainly not. You had better sit there, Sir, and profit by our shade and our parasols."

"Yes, mamma, but you know the real place where he ought to be, is Bed."

"Oh, pray don't say that," implored the patient.

But Julia continued, with unabated severity,

"And that is where he would go this minute, if I was his mamma."

"Instead of his junior, and a stranger," said Mrs. Dodd, somewhat coldly, dwelling with a very slight monitory emphasis on the "stranger."

Julia said nothing, but drew in perceptibly, and was dead silent.

"Oh, madam!" said Hardie, eagerly, "I do not dispute her authority; nor yours. You have a right to send me where you please, after your kindness in noticing my infernal head, and doing me the honor to speak to me, and lending me this. But if I go to bed, my head will be my master. Besides, I shall throw away what little chance I have of making your acquaintance; and the race just coming off!"

"We will not usurp authority, Sir," said Mrs. Dodd, quietly; "but we know what a severe headache is, and should be glad to see you sit still in the shade, and excite yourself as little as possible."

"Yes, madam," said the youth, humbly, and sat down like a lamb. He glanced now and then at the island, and now and then peered up at the radiant young mute beside him.

The silence continued till it was broken by a fish out of water.

An under-graduate in spectacles came mooning along, all out of his element. It was Mr. Kennet, who used to rise at four every morning to his Plato, and walk up Shotover Hill every afternoon, wet or dry, to cool his eyes for his evening work. With what view he deviated to Henley has not yet been ascertained; he was blind as a bat, and did not care a button about any earthly boat-race, except the one in the Æneid, even if he could have seen one. However, nearly all the men of his college went to Henley, and perhaps some branch, hitherto unexplored, of animal magnetism, drew him after. At any rate, there was his body; and his mind at Oxford and Athens, and other venerable but irrelevant cities. He brightened at sight of his doge, and asked him warmly if he had heard the news.

"No; what? Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Why, two of our men are plowed; that is all," said Kennet, affecting with withering irony to undervalue his intelligence.

"Confound it, Kennet, how you frightened me! I was afraid there was some screw loose with the crew."

At this very instant, the smoke of the pistol was seen to puff out from the island, and Hardie rose to his feet. "They are off!" cried he to the ladies, and, after first putting his palms together with a hypocritical look of apology, he laid one hand on an old barge that was drawn up ashore, and sprang like a mountain goat on to the bow, lighting on the very gunwale. The position was not tenable an instant, but he extended one foot very nimbly and boldly, and planted it on the other gunwale; and there he was in a moment, headache and all, in an attitude as large and inspired, as the boldest gesture antiquity has committed to marble; he had even the advantage in stature over most of the sculptured forms of Greece. But a double opera-glass at his eye "spoiled the lot," as Mr. Punch says.

I am not to repeat the particulars of a distant race coming nearer and nearer. The main features are always the same, only this time it was more exciting to our fair friends, on account of Edward's high stake in it. And then their grateful though refractory patient, an authority in their eyes, indeed all but a river-god, stood poised in air, and in excited whispers interpreted each distant and unintelligible feature down to them:

"Cambridge was off quickest."

"But not much."

"Any body's race at present, madam."

"If this lasts long we may win. None of them can stay like us."

"Come, the favorite is not so very dangerous."

"Cambridge looks best."

"I wouldn't change with either, so far."

"Now, in forty seconds more, I shall be able to pick out the winner."

Julia went up this ladder of thrills to a high state of excitement; and, indeed, they were all so tuned to racing pitch, that some metal nerve or other seemed to jar inside all three, when the piercing, grating voice of Kennet broke in suddenly with,

"How do you construe γαστριμαργος?"

The wretch had burrowed in the intellectual ruins of Greece the moment the pistol went off, and college chat ceased. Hardie raised his opera-glass, and his first impulse was to brain the judicious Kennet, gazing up to him for an answer, with spectacles goggling like supernatural eyes of dead sophists in the sun.

"How do you construe 'Hoc age?' you incongruous dog! Hold your tongue, and mind the race!"

"There, I thought so! Where's your three to one now? The Cockneys are out of this event, any way. Go on, Universities, and order their suppers!"

"But, which is first, Sir?" asked Julia, imploringly. "Oh, which is first of all?"

"Neither. Never mind; it looks well. London is pumped; and if Cambridge can't lead him before this turn in the river, the race will be ours. Now, look out! By Jove, we are *ahead!*"

The leading boats came on, Oxford pulling a long, lofty, sturdy stroke, that seemed as if it never could compete with the quick action of its competitor. Yet it was undeniably ahead, and gaining at every swing.

Young Hardie writhed on his perch. He screeched at them across the Thames "Well pulled Stroke! Well pulled all! Splendidly pulled, Dodd! You are walking away from them altogether! Hurrah! Oxford forever, hurrah!" The gun went off over the heads of the Oxford crew in advance, and even Mrs. Dodd and Julia could see the race was theirs.

"We have won at last!" cried Julia, all on fire, "and fairly; only think of that!"

Hardie turned round, grateful to beauty for siding with his university. "Yes, and the fools may thank me; or rather my man, Dodd. Dodd forever! Hurrah!"

At this climax even Mrs. Dodd took a gentle share in the youthful enthusiasm that was boiling around her, and her soft eyes sparkled, and she returned the fervid pressure of her daughter's hand; and both their faces were flushed with gratified pride and affection.

"Dodd!" broke in the incongruous dog," with a voice just like a saw's; "Dodd! Ah, that's the man who is just plowed for smalls."

Ice has its thunder-bolts.

ADMIRAL PORTER'S DUMMY.

WE publish on page 236 an illustration of "ADMIRAL PORTER'S SECOND DUMMY," from a photograph made from a sketch by him above all others who was best fitted to illustrate the craft. We need hardly explain that this second Dummy, like the first, was merely an imitation *Monitor*, made of a few planks and some tar barrels, and intended to frighten the Vicksburg rebels. We are permitted by a distinguished officer of the navy to copy the following extracts from a letter recently received by him from the gallant Admiral:

"YAZOO RIVER, *March* 12, 1863.

"I have not sent you a sketch for some time, but make up for it by the one inclosed.

"Much as we have come to mourn over the loss of the *Indianola*, I don't suppose that a more ridiculous thing ever occurred than the blowing up of this gun-boat after the rebels had her so securely in their clutches; and it will hardly be believed when the history of this war is written that a wooden dummy could have achieved so remarkable a victory.

"I must confess, however, that the dummy was a much more formidable looking vessel than the *Indianola* in every respect—especially her wooden gun, which was a monster.

"After passing the batteries at night, and defying all the guns in Vicksburg, she lay a whole day opposite the canal—the rebels trying in vain to sink her, and never for a moment discovering their error—when she got in the current again, and 'sailed in' on the *Queen of the West* (which vessel had just arrived at Warrenton), when it was amusing to see that rebel rammer clap on steam and vamose the ranche. Indeed, she never stopped until she came to the *Indianola*; but finding that the grim monster was after her, they applied the torch, and blew her and every thing in her to atoms. It was a great relief to all of us here, for we could imagine the damage the *Indianola* could have effected on the river in case she had been saved. But it was not to be; for like all the Confederate iron-clads she went up the spout or down below to 'Davy' to condole with her friends. Night before last I sent off another terrific monster—a perfect imitation of our *Lafayette*, which latter vessel dropped down toward the turn of the river in the afternoon, and shelled the fortifications with a few 100-pounders. At 11 o'clock at night her dummy namesake made her appearance before the batteries, belching out huge volumes of smoke through her beef-barrel chimneys, and the way the rebels peppered her was a caution to all dummies. But she drifted by unscathed, stood the fire of the Warrenton batteries, and went on her mission own the stream as calm as a clam at high-water, until the Carthage batteries, twenty miles below, pitched into her, and she still, like old Brown's soul, kept moving on. This little artillery sport must have cost the rebels a thousand charges of powder and the bursting and dismounting of five or six guns.

"The next time we try this game they will find something better than 'dummies' to practice at."

IN THE BAYOUS.

OUR special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, has sent us sketches of the work of CUTTING THROUGH THE SOUTHWESTERN BAYOUS, which we reproduce on page 225. With the sketches we received the following correspondence, which is interesting:

"ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, NEAR YOUNG'S POINT,
LA., *Tuesday Night, March* 17, 1863.

"The present stage of water in the Mississippi has, as you are aware, partially overflowed the Louisiana peninsula opposite Vicksburg; has encroached upon the encampments of our troops, compelling one of the corps of the army to remove to Milliken's Bend; and has even trespassed upon the sacred precincts of the dead. One of the many rude burial-places down here, where the defenders of the republic who fell in battle last December, and who have since perished of disease, are now lying in eternal silence, but with glorious suggestiveness, has been inundated by the flood, and the graves are but partially visible above the surface of the broad-expanding waters.

"Melancholy, touchingly sad, looks the rough-hewn cemetery when the sky is clouded and the moon beams out, ever and anon, as if in pity, upon the buried heroes whom Fortune has not spared and the elements will not respect. It would seem, to a poetic mind, as if the pale priestess of heaven were offering up a prayer in her nightly vigils for the gallant dead, whom a grateful nation's memory should embalm, as they lie in their narrow tombs so far away from their native homes, with no requiem save that the mournful Mississippi chants, and no audible lament but that the soft Southern breezes waft over this dull and dreary shore.

"ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, GENERAL STUART'S DIVISION,
THIRTY-FIVE MILES ABOVE VICKSBURG,
Thursday Evening, March 19, 1863.

"Near this point, through Muddy Bayou, it is proposed to effect an entrance into Steele's Bayou, and thence into Yazoo River, some miles above Haines's Bluff, which is the right of the rebel army at Vicksburg, and one of the strongest of the enemy's positions. Our gun-boats have been in Steele's Bayou reconnoitring for two or three days, and an engagement, supported by infantry, is soon expected at the Bluff, which is strongly fortified. The country hereabout is, as you know, very flat and swampy, and the level of the Yazoo at the present stage is somewhat lower than the Mississippi; but the water in Muddy Bayou flows to and from the great parent stream.

"To reach Steele's Bayou it is necessary to construct corduroy roads and bridges, and these are being rapidly built; Stuart's division having already disembarked and begun their march into the interior. The distance to Steele's Bayou is not much over a mile, and our troops will very speedily be encamped upon the banks of the Yazoo. The road thither is naturally very difficult, as I myself experienced, and you will observe by the sketches I inclose. One is necessitated to wade, to cross logs, to build rafts, in short to convert himself into an amphibious animal.

"Two of the Union transports of small size, the *Eagle* and *Silver Wave*, have already gotten into Steele's Bayou through the Yazoo, but not without serious damage to their upper works from the thick boughs and trunks of the impeding gum, cotton-wood, and cypress trees. The exertion one is compelled to make in bayou navigation down here at this season, the thermometer ranging at 90° and upward, causes a copiousness of perspiration equal to that supposed, in the popular apologue of the day, to proceed from an African endeavoring to assist at an American election. The season here is quite far advanced. The trees are green; the fruit trees and blackberry bushes all in bloom; the birds singing as merrily as if such a thing as secession had never been.

"Stuart's Division are working hard, and the General himself has doffed his coat and toils like a Trojan with his men; believing very justly that a commander's example is necessary to animate and encourage his soldiers. Stuart is emphatically, as I have styled him, a 'working general;' is energetic, patriotic, determined, and has already distinguished himself by his ability and gallantry on several hard-fought fields."

THE FIGHT AT NEWBERN.

WE illustrate on page 237 the unsuccessful attempt of the rebels to take Newbern, North Carolina, on 14th ult., from a sketch by Mr. E. Forbes. The artist gives the following account of the affair:

"NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA, *March* 14, 1863.

"The quiet of this department was disturbed today at 5 o'clock P.M., while at dress parade, by the arrival of a courier from Deep Gully, stating that our outposts were driven in by the rebels, who were in force twelve miles out. In an instant all was in commotion, and at half past 5 the Forty-sixth, the Fifth, and Twenty-fifth Regiments of Infantry, with Belger's Battery of 6 guns, of Rhode Island, were on the march to the scene of conflict. Our route lay up the Trent road (if road it might be called), through a dense forest of timber, while at every step the men would sink to their knees in mud and water; yet with all these obstacles they pressed on, and at 12 o'clock had reached the outermost picket post, where it was thought best by General Palmer to halt with the main force, while Companies K, B, G, and E, of the 46th, under the charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Walkley, took the road at the right and marched three miles to the Red House station, and there formed in line of battle. At daylight on the morning of the 15th the cavalry of that station traversed the adjoining woods, and finding no enemy returned. At this moment we heard heavy firing in the direction of Newbern, and shortly after a courier arrived with a dispatch ordering our immediate return, as Newbern was attacked by a large force from the other side of the River Neuse. The troops, much fatigued from the previous evening's march and loss of sleep, with three hearty cheers took "double-quick" on the return march. When within four miles of Newbern we could see the smoke of exploding shells as they dropped in the woods occupied by the rebels; these came from our gun-boats, which were constantly plying up and down the river. Hardly had our troops formed in line of battle on the River Neuse to protect several regiments of troops which were ordered over the river to check the advance of the rebels, when another courier arrived from the outposts that we had just left, bringing information that the rebels were driving in our pickets and rapidly advancing on the city. At this juncture of affairs the brigade of General Lee, composed of the Forty-sixth, Twenty-fifth, and Fifth Massachusetts, were again ordered back to check their advance, making the third time in the short space of twenty-four hours we had taken the same journey, without rest and with but little food to eat. During this time an incessant firing was kept up by our gun-boats, which had the effect of silencing the batteries of the enemy on the river. I herewith send you a sketch of the scene, as presented during a part of the day, March 14. Never on so short notice were troops, batteries, and all the paraphernalia of war brought into requisition in better order than on this occasion. The river presented a grand scene. For miles above and below the banks were lined with troops and citizens, while the rafts of troops, the fleet of boats, the roar of cannon, the hissing shells, all gave evidence of the horrors as well as the grandeur of war. The rebels had sworn to occupy Newbern on this day, it being the anniversary of the day on which they lost the city by the valor of our brave troops. The last three days have been eventful ones to our arms, as they have shown that our new regiments are firm, and can be relied on whenever called to act at a moment's notice and under trying circumstances. Lee's Brigade is now in pursuit of the rebels on the Trent, and as the mail closes directly I must close without giving the sequel of their proceedings. The city is safe and order is being restored."

THE WANDERER.

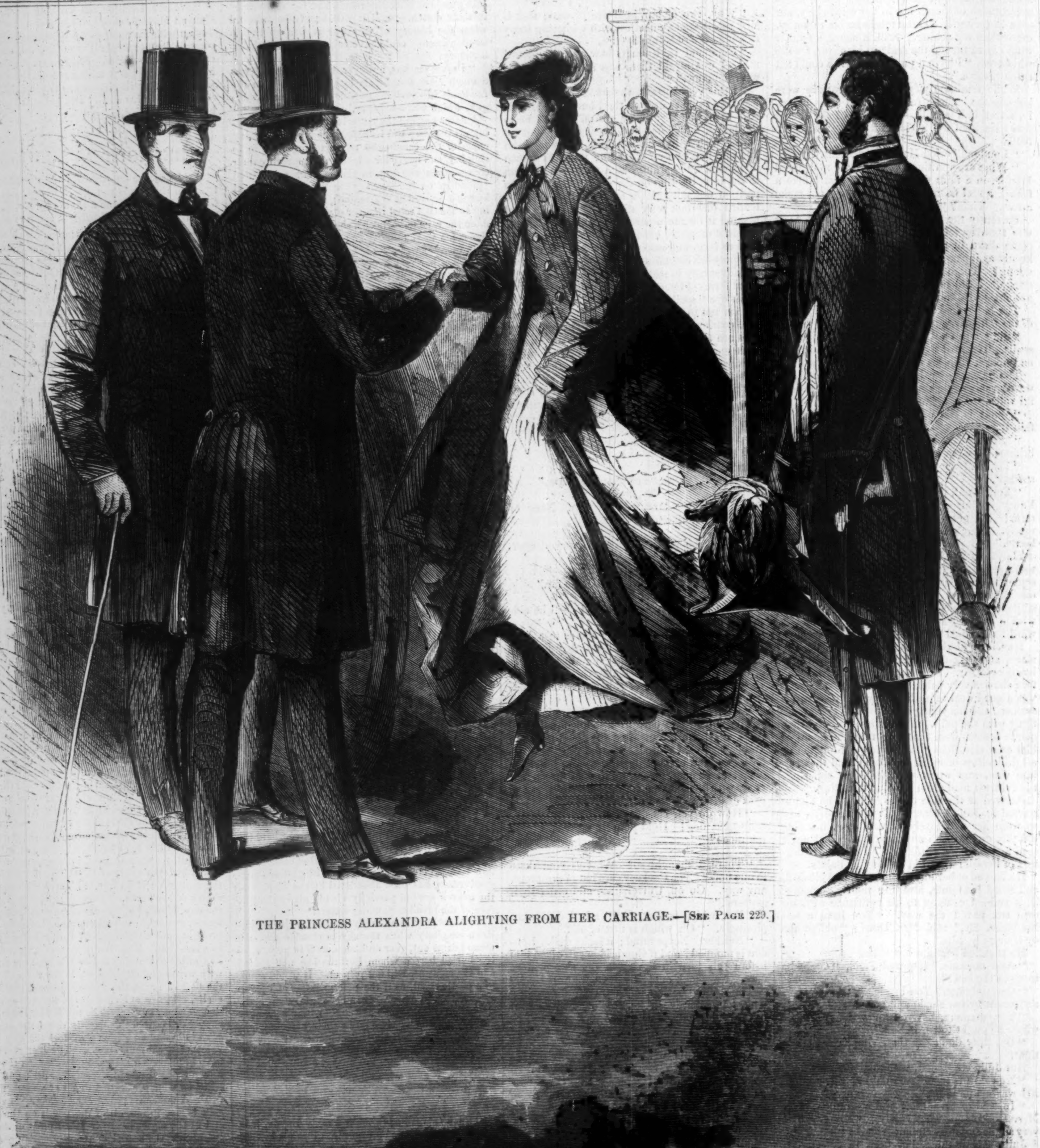
SAD Autumn's tears were falling
Mournfully;
Stern Winter's voice was calling
Scornfully;
Pining for Spring, the withered leaves decayed,
Or widely flew to find the missing maid.

I knelt there in my sorrow
Tearfully;
I thought upon the morrow
Fearfully;
Despised, forgotten, friendless, and alone,
I knelt and wept upon that cold, cold stone.

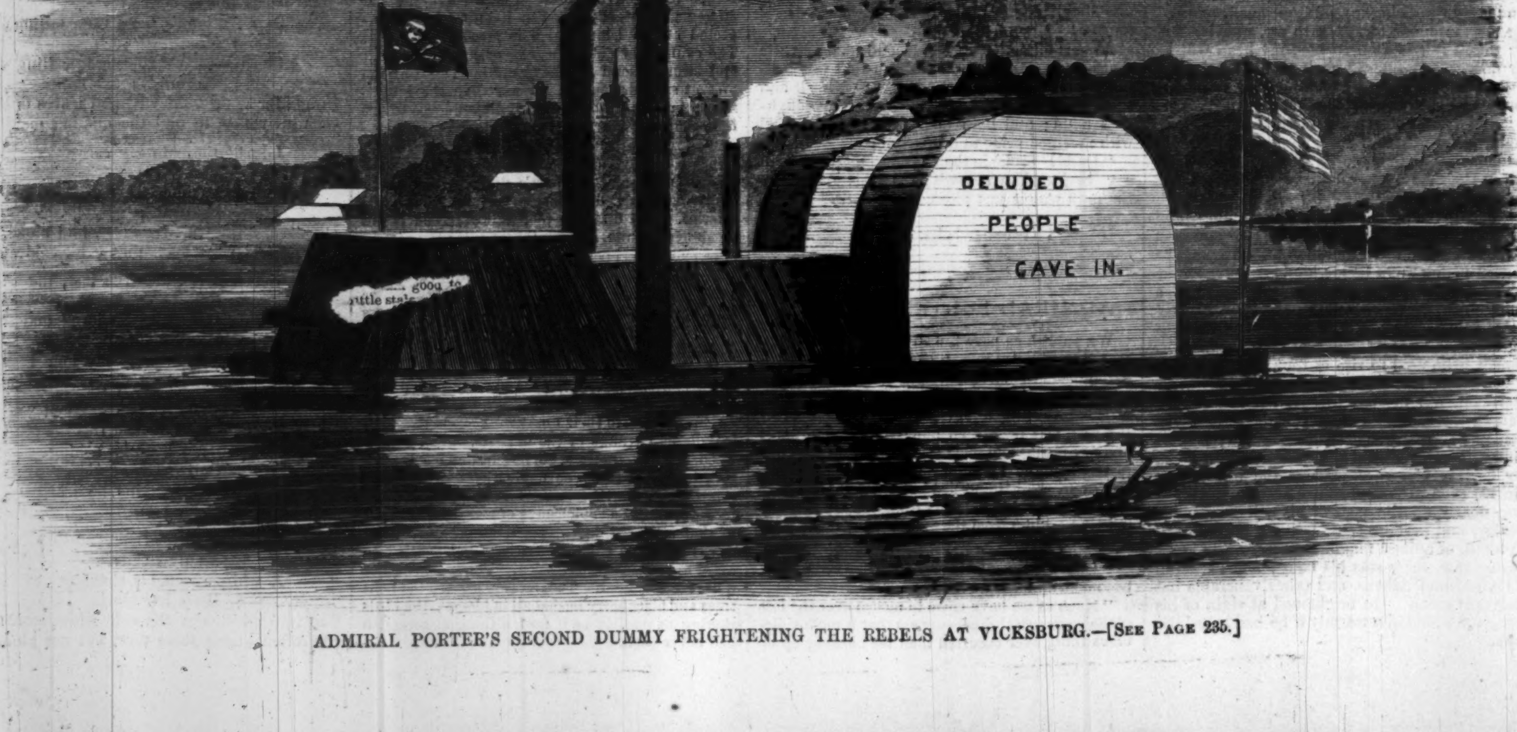
Why did *she* die—the last, the
Nearest one?
Oh, for the past—the loved and
Dearest one!
Why will he not return to my lone heart?
Forget, forgive, and love me, ne'er to part?

Sister, my heart is breaking!
'Twas so true!
Can you not hear its aching
Call for you?
Tell him I'm dying—dying here alone—
Dying for grief—for you, *for him, my own!*

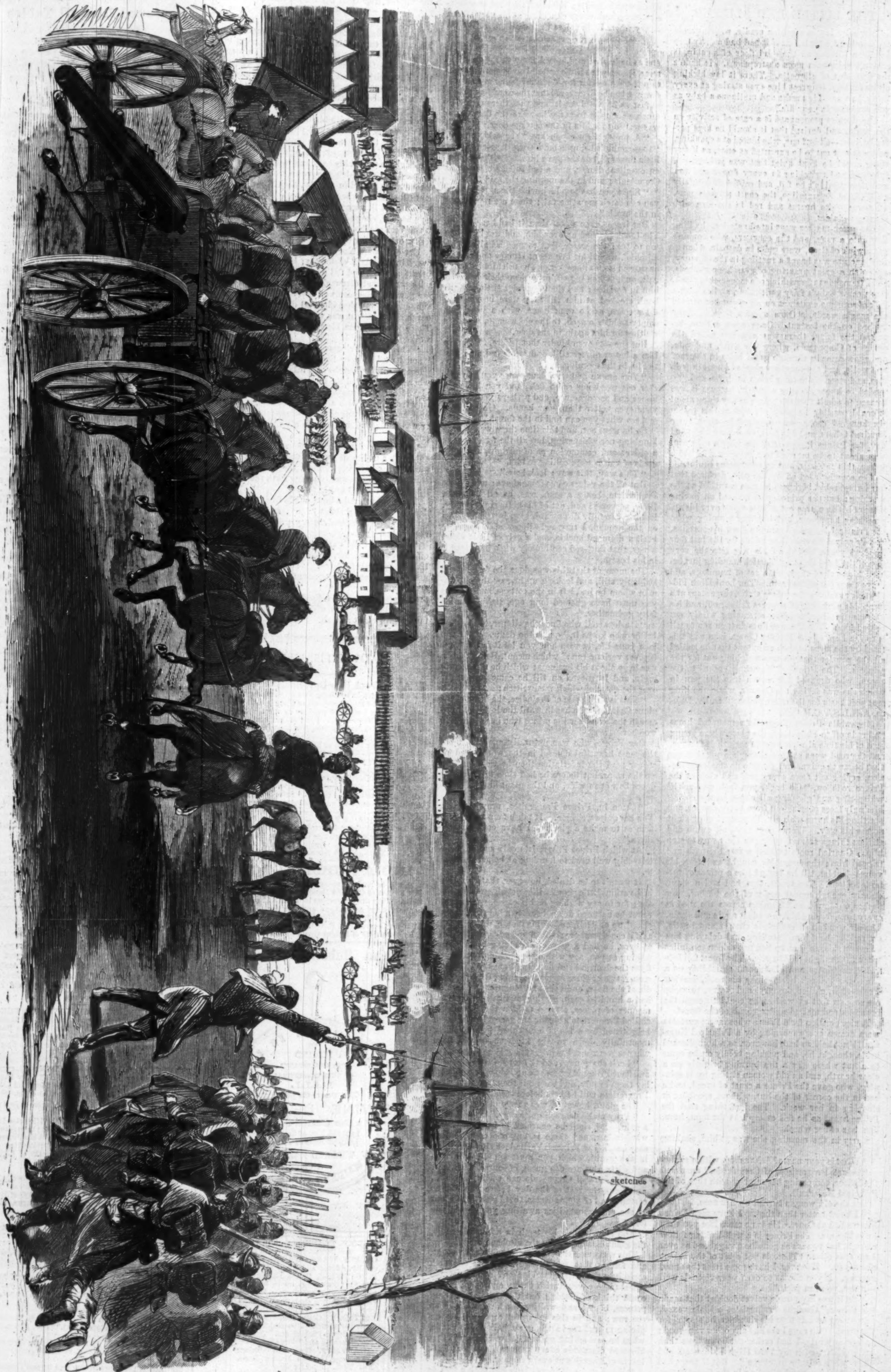
The dead leaves rustle 'neath a
Manly tread:
A whisper—on his shoulder
Rests her head.
She is forgiven—by the cold white stone.
She often kneels there now, but not alone.



THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA ALIGHTING FROM HER CARRIAGE.—[SEE PAGE 229.]


DELUDED
PEOPLE
CAVE IN.

ADMIRAL PORTER'S SECOND DUMMY FRIGHTENING THE REBELS AT VICKSBURG.—[SEE PAGE 235.]



THE BATTLE AT NEWBERN—REPULSE OF THE REBELS, MARCH 14, 1863.—[See Page 235.]

THE LITTLE RED SLIPPER,

The baby lay in a golden cradle, with a purple satin coverlet over it, but if it had had a dirty face and been kicking on the mud floor of a cabin, it couldn't have been more obstreperous. It hadn't the first idea of etiquette. There it lay kicking up its fat legs, its great blue eyes staring at every thing, just as wide awake and mutinous a baby as you ever saw in your life.

The doctors pronounced it a case of activity on the brain, and desired that it should be kept perfectly quiet—all but one, who hinted at a spanking, and was sent out to be executed at once, as if any thing could be kept quiet that was jerking, and jumping, and twitching in every finger and toe, and that wouldn't be fed, and sniffed disdainfully at Madame Squazzaliga, the court prima donna, who was quite hoarse and red in the face with singing lullabies.

The queen-mother went into hysterics, the king flew into a rage, and the courtiers, who couldn't get a wink of sleep, were quite in despair, when at this juncture was heard a rustling in the chimney, and with a great prancing of grasshopper steeds, and a tremendous flourishing of a mouse-skin cloak, down came baby's fairy godmother, and casting a look of supreme contempt on all about her uttered the magic words, "Once upon a time." Baby hushed on the instant. Once upon a time, repeated the fairy, there was a palace called the palace of Crepuscule, where the wind, and rain, and snow came in through great holes in the roof and walls, and the courtiers plashed about in puddles, and stood up to their knees in drifts, and pretended to know nothing about it, because it was treason to admit that the palace or any thing about it could possibly be bettered; and in this palace six hundred cooks, four hundred jewelers, three hundred tailors, and one poet, were busy night and day, for Prince Progresista, the king's only son, was about to be married to a princess who had a hump, thin red hair, and an outrageous squint.

The courtiers, led off by the poet, declared that her humpbacked highness was as beautiful as the morning; but the prince, who insisted on having ideas of his own, was not a little sulky over his approaching happiness, and one fine morning when the Principal Numskull came to draw his curtains, as a Principal Numskull had done for the last four hundred years, kicked off his wig into the very face of the Lord High Fiddlestick standing just behind him, called them all a set of humbugs, and drove them out of the room. The Lord High Fiddlestick ran down the palace stairs, three steps at a jump, his pink velvet slippers falling off, and his green satin dressing-gown streaming wildly out behind him. The Duke of Fussification ran to tell it to the Lord of the Powder Closet, who was agitated by the news to such an extent that he spilled all the powder that he was weighing out for the princess. The Principal Numskull rushed to the queen, who dropped her crown into the pan in which she was frying dough-nuts, while the king sent post haste for the court philosopher, Dr. Didius, A.K.L.S.T.C.M.Q.X.

Meanwhile Prince Progresista mounted horse and rode off to Fairy-land, the place where young men of his time always went to seek their fortune, and the road went at first through a great forest that began to quiver and get into no small commotion, crying out from every leaf and vine as the Prince rode on, "Go back, you fool, go back!" whispering and giggling all about him, showing him ugly faces peering out from every crevice, and startling his horse with airy things swinging right across his way. Worse than that, all dumb and stirless things seemed trying in their way to stop him. Gnarled roots twisted across the path and tripped him; the brambles caught and tore his velvet doublet, till he looked like a prince of tatterdemalions. The brook, that had stolen along quietly enough under cover of the bushes, now flashed out broad and foaming across the road at every turn, forcing him to wade it again and again. The air was full of malicious chatter and bustle, swarming about him, besetting and delaying him on every side, so that he had not ridden ten miles when the sunlight faded away. The forest fell into twilight sadness and gloom, and stumbling on a bank, the Prince's horse broke his neck, leaving Progresista, chilled, hungry, and weary, to make his way on foot as well as he could through the brambles and matted undergrowth of the forest.

A nice position for a Prince whose satin curtains were drawn every morning by a Principal Numskull! not half so bad, however, as a humpbacked bride, thought he, and pushing boldly on he came to a hut where was a fire burning brightly on a clear hearth, and an old woman sitting by it spinning, who gave the Prince a crust of bread, and a bed in the corner of the hut, without speaking or stopping in her work. The last thing that the Prince heard as he fell asleep was the hum, hum, buz, buz of her wheel.

Early in the morning she was at him, shaking him.

"What is your name?" she asked, with a shake.

"Prince Progresista, of Crepuscule," answered the Prince, comparing her method with that of the Principal Numskull.

But the old woman turned up her nose.

"I know better than that. I have seen Prince Progresista at Court. He is no more like you than he is like me. The Prince is a well-looking fellow enough, but you are as genuine a vagabond as ever I set eyes upon. There is not a bit of the Prince about you. However, I have some trees that need cutting. If you choose to earn your victuals well—if not, you can pack."

"So it was my purple velvet doublet that made the Prince," thought Progresista, a little vexed, as, putting an axe over his shoulder, he started for the wood. "In rags I am like any other vagabond; but, at any rate, I had rather cut down trees than eat breakfast with my Lord High Fiddlestick and those other solemn humbugs." But if there had been whispering and giggling in the forest yesterday it was ten times worse to-day. The leaves shook with laughter; the brook that had so splashed him yesterday was chuckling at his very elbow. Every where little voices were calling,

> "Fool-catcher, come as fast as you can,
> For Prince Progresista is your man;"

and as he hacked and hewed away at the stout old trees, it seemed as if the spiteful elves couldn't contain themselves for fun—why he found out at sundown, when he discovered that the wood had grown as fast as he could cut it, and that there wasn't so much as a twig to carry home to the dame, who was waiting for him in the cottage-door.

"A pretty Prince you are," she said, gruffly, "that couldn't bring home a stick the size of your little finger;" but she gave him, notwithstanding, an excellent dinner, and a bed soft as his own at Crepuscule; and in the morning she said to him,

"Since you have no luck with the axe, perhaps you can catch me some fish; there are royal trout in the brook."

But it was even worse than it had been before. The brook plashed up over him, and wet him from top to toe; the water, that seemed all alive with mischief, wound his line about stumps and stones, or carried it off altogether. The fish nibbled at his bait, and, swimming off, popped up their heads at him in derision; and the very frogs sitting on the bank croaked at him till they were hoarse with their scorn, as he went home, with a basket as empty as his stomach, to the old woman, who was waiting for him again in the door.

But she was even kinder than before. She gave him a better dinner still, and softer bed, and said to him in the morning,

"You are an awkward lout, since you can neither cut wood nor catch fish; but you have patience and perseverance, and perhaps you can use your eyes better than your hands. Go out now and see what you can find in the forest."

So he went out, and this time there was neither laughing nor whispering, but all the forest was in a quiver and commotion as of affright, and hundreds of voices were calling to him,

"This way, this way; look here."

But all the voices came from above; and Prince Progresista, being a man, was, as all men are, Baby, perverse; and, out of his natural perversity, looking carefully downward, saw, just before him on the ground, a tiny red slipper with a golden heel, a diamond buckle, and a pair of little violet wings, that fluttered continually when he placed it in his bosom.

The moment that this was done the forest grew suddenly still, and looking up he saw the old woman whom he had left in the cottage, and who, as you must have guessed long ago, Baby, was his fairy godmother.

"He does well who finds the slipper, but he does better who keeps it," quoth the dame. "As you love your life, beware how you let it out of your bosom; verbum sap;" which meant, Baby, that he was to go about his business; which he did accordingly, and journeyed on till he came to a castle over the gates of which was written:

"This is the Castle of Prejudice, the home of the giant Opinion, who has in ward the loveliest princess in the world for the prince who has courage to woo her."

Our Prince, who was naturally anxious to see the most beautiful damsel in the world, had no sooner read the inscription than he went straight up the steps, but before he had time to knock the doors flew open wide, and the giant himself called out,

"Come in, Prince Progresista, pray come in. You are quite welcome. It takes four-and-twenty princes to make a pie, and I have only twenty-three."

At which Prince Progresista only smiled, being tolerably well used to humbug at home, and went in.

It wasn't to be denied, however, that this giant had various little peculiarities not altogether pleasant; for to say nothing of his castle, which could never be battered down, because a hole in the wall closed up of itself, and of his mouth, which looked as if it could swallow all the four-and-twenty princes at once, he had a way of dissolving himself and coming at you, say with a leg sticking out at you from the door, a hand grasping from the chimney-corner, two or three fingers clutching from the middle of the floor, and eyes and tongues, of which he had a hundred each, glaring and calling from all manner of places, after a fashion that somewhat chilled Progresista's blood; the general effect being heightened by a file of handcuffed princes going mournfully down to the kitchens below, from whence were heard voices, crying,

"Look sharp now, and skewer Prince Valentine, and flour Prince Max, and tie up Prince Jonquil, and lay them evenly, and then roll the crust, for Prince Progresista will be here before long!"

The giant, however, was vastly polite.

"Pray make yourself quite easy," he said, with a grin. "I shall be charmed to have you for a ward-in-law, and there is but one condition, an easy one. The Princess Verita lacks but one thing in the world, which you must supply. So wise and witty a prince can guess, of course, what it is, and the Lord of Crepuscule can easily obtain it. You have the rest of the day before you, and so certain am I of your success, that I won't even hint at the pie probabilities awaiting you should you fail."

And showing all his teeth in a horrible smile, the giant disappeared in the kitchens below.

This was worse than fish that wouldn't be caught, and forests that would giggle. What on earth could it be that this damsel lacked? and how would it feel to be covered with pastry and baked? He could think of nothing but the three-and-twenty princes, bound and waiting for him to make up the row; and in this mournful condition he was pacing to and fro in the great hall of the castle, when he saw spring up just before him a tree that bloomed diamonds every moment, and sent forth leaves of emeralds at every instant.

"What can a Princess lack but such a tree as this?" said a voice. "Let the Prince lay down the slipper that is in his bosom, and the tree is his."

But Progresista remembered the words of the fairy, and reflecting that all in that evil castle were his enemies, turned his back on the tree; but lo! there, on the window-sill, sang a bird the poems of all the nations under the sun, and so sweetly that Progresista forgot all about the giant and the three-and-twenty princes, till a voice cried, "What can the Princess Verita lack but such a bird as this? and what is the slipper in the Prince's bosom in comparison with his life?"

Progresista hesitated, and put his hand in his bosom; but the little wings fluttered away from his hand, as if frightened; and again remembering the fairy, he turned his back and walked off as fast as possible; at which the voice said, spitefully, "Go and be served in a pasty, then!" and was silent till evening, when all the castle began to glow with a light like moonlight, and doors flying open on a sudden, showed Progresista the giant and his ward Verita, who was so lovely that the Prince forgot every thing in looking at her.

Her eyes were blue, like those violets that hide away in the dark of forests; her long hair was bright as gold, and fell down to her feet, braided with pearls and diamonds. On her wrist a bird sang sweetly the poems of every nation under the sun, and a spray that bloomed diamonds and emeralds every instant was wreathed about her head. There was only one blemish on her beauty—she walked as if lame.

"This is the Princess Verita," said the giant; "and I read in your hopeful face that you have guessed and supplied the only thing that she lacks;" whereupon he lifted the folds of her robe, and displayed her little snow-white feet. On one was a tiny red slipper, with a diamond buckle, a golden heel, and a little pair of violet wings; but the other was bare; and this was plainly the cause of her lameness.

Then Progresista stood confounded, and the giant, with a malicious grin, leaned forward to seize him; but, recovering himself, the Prince put his hand in his bosom, and, drawing forth the slipper, fitted it on Verita's lovely foot.

The giant uttered a howl, while from the dismal dens below came a shout of joy; and Progresista unbound the three-and-twenty princes, and married Verita, and—

"Why, the child's asleep, as I'm a fairy," broke off Baby's godmother, pulling up the purple coverlet over her little fat arms. "You see, now, all she needed was proper management."

"Proper management! She calls that nonsense proper management!" echoed the courtiers, in dismay, as her fairyship whisked up the chimney, mouse-skin cloak and all.

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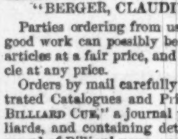

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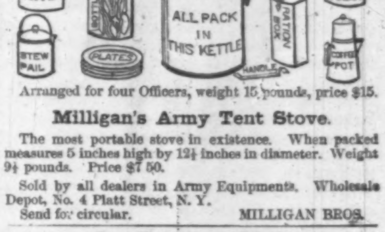

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